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The Week

AT the usual mysterious Atlantic Port arrives General March, our new Chief of Staff, and complains that our censorship of news coming from France is unwise and narrow-minded and that the public ought to be receiving much more information concerning the activities of our expeditionary forces. This is not a newspaper man talking, or even an ex-newspaper man who has graduated into the Government service and put on a uniform over his reporter's shirt-sleeves, or one who has temporarily discarded the magazine writer's rake for an official periscope. This is a professional soldier talking, who declares that the more we are told about our fighters, not spoon-fed reporter's romance or office-brewed hate material, but real news, the better both for us and for them. General March says he is going right to Washington to tell the Government his opinion. It is to be hoped that his voice will encourage the authorities in the tendency they have recently been showing to be really communicative and let the American people at reasonable time know what is going on yonder.

THE departure of the first detachment of a Jewish battalion, on its way to fight in Palestine, marks a new step forward in the recovery of that country. The men who went were all outside the draft, men, for the most part, who had not yet become full-fledged American citizens. They will have to fight under the British flag, because the United States is still formally at peace with Turkey. How the Turkish Government can reconcile this open recruiting here by England of volunteers for service in Palestine is one of the mysteries that only diplomats can solve. At present, Washington permits only residents, but not citizens, to go and fight for the old Jewish home land. Nobody believes that this pretext can be maintained for long. If it leads to war between Turkey and the United States, large numbers of volunteers, exempt from draft or in the deferred classes, will clamor to go and fight on sacred soil against the ancient oppressor.

> The existence of independent Poland, her political and economic life, are no more than vain words, for not only are the interests and rights of Poland scorned, but they do not even respect her national territory. . . . We raise our voice before God and before the world and protest . . . against this new partition which we refuse to recognize and which we repel as an act of violence.

FROM the German point of view it was unquestionably gross stupidity on the part of the Austrian Government to permit the publication of the Polish Council's protest against the handing over of Polish territory to the new republic of Ukraine by the Teuton negotiators at Brest-Litovsk. It does not matter that this Polish Council at Warsaw is the creation of the Teuton Powers. The Council seems unreasonably to regard itself as the spokesman for the Polish nation, to take the restoration and the independence of the Polish Kingdom as more than a fiction, and in the name of that independence to protest against the treaty-making process at Brest-Litovsk, where no representation was given to Poland, but where Polish territory was nevertheless put upon the bargain counter. Perhaps the publication of this protest in Austria was not so stupid as the German press imagines. For Austria the Government has announced that it has revised its agreement with the Ukraine concerning the Polish province of Cholm. By making public this bitter arraignment of German procedure, Vienna puts Berlin on the defensive against liberal German opinion, which is thus given a foretaste of what hatreds and resentments the iron hand will bring to the German people in the new sphere of Germanic interests. The first fruits have come in the reports of a state of siege proclaimed in Lodz and other Polish cities.

THE meeting of protest held Sunday by a wing of the Socialist party in New York is proof that every German advance in Russia constitutes a battle lost for Germany in this country. Our Socialists and radicals had put all their eggs in one basket, the Russian Revolution. Any kind of peace, no matter where it left the rest of the world, the capitalist-ridden world, mattered not at all so long as the Bolsheviki had a great empire in which to germinate the yeast that was to leaven the rest of the nations. Now, however, the impossible is seeming to be afoot—the crushing of the Revolution itself. Socialists now see what other people have been trying to tell them before now, that a nation which does not believe in the democracy enjoyed by France, England, and the United States will certainly not tolerate an advanced Socialism at its very gates. Hence Sunday night's denunciation of the policy of peace at any price; hence demands from the radicals that the war should go on until Germany is driven out of Russia; and the most pronounced radicals now talk of volunteering for service against the Germans.

ANNOUNCEMENT from the Treasury that the campaign for the third United States war loan will begin on April 6, and that subscription lists will be closed three or four weeks later, is in accordance with general expectations. The Secretary's statement of Saturday, however, fixes only the date of issue. On such questions as the amount of the loan, its interest rate, and its date of maturity, wide difference of opinion exists, in both financial and governmental circles. Apparently, the sum which will have to be provided through new loans, before the fiscal year ends on June 30, will not exceed $5,000,000,000; for Government expenditures, including loans to the Allies, have been averaging since last autumn only about $1,000,000,000 monthly, and although the monthly outlay will doubtless increase, only four months remain to be accounted for. The more difficult question is what rate of interest will be necessary to make thoroughly successful a loan of this amount, or of such an amount as may be fixed.

THE 4 per cents of last November's issue, which mature in 1942, have sold lately around 96½. As war loans go, this is no unusual depreciation; but the similar move-

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ment in British war loans resulted in each case in the advancing of the rate of interest on a new loan. This, and the fact that the Government's short-term borrowings from the banks are now bearing a 4½ per cent. interest rate, have led to rather general expectation of a similar rate on the April war loan. On the other hand, the Government is reluctant to take a step which would involve not only the higher rate on this new loan, but the conversion of the $5,808,000,000 outstanding 3½s and 4s into 4½ per cents. Many bankers have urged that the loan be made with only a five-year maturity, and without the conversion privilege attaching to it or to prior issues. On all these points not only the Treasury, but Congress, will have to decide; for the law as it stands gives power for the Government to issue bonds at no higher a rate than 4 per cent., and, moreover, there now remain only $3,600,000,000 bonds unissued under that authorizing act. Meantime, preparations are already under way for the next "loan campaign"; which will undoubtedly surpass in energy, scope, and effectiveness any previous effort of the sort. The objective point this time will undoubtedly be the resources of the immensely prosperous West and South—hardly more than scratched, outside of the larger cities, in the two previous loan campaigns.

AS it passed the House last week, the Railroad Control bill was substantially identical with the measure which the Senate adopted a week earlier, and with the original draft submitted by the Administration. It provides for payment by the Government, to each railway taken over, of a sum equivalent to that railway's average operating income in the three years before we went to war. It allows payment of dividends, though not in excess of a company's regular rate of that three-year period. It appropriates $500,000,000 of public funds for necessary maintenance and improvement; a given road to be charged with principal and interest on such advances. It empowers the President to buy and sell in behalf of the Government, at a price not exceeding par, any securities issued by the railways to meet maturing obligations or to cover other necessary expenditure. The Government's operation of the roads is made virtually free of the restrictions imposed on them by State or Federal laws during private operation.

ON two points, differences of opinion have arisen in the Congressional debate—the question of who should have final power in fixing rates, and the question whether and when the railways should be returned to their private owners. The Administration bill provided that the President should fix rates, but might "utilize the personnel and facilities of the Interstate Commerce Commission." The Senate altered this proviso so as to give the President power to initiate rates, but to leave the Commission the ultimate decision on them. The House, after adopting the Senate's plan in committee of the whole, returned in its final vote to the Administration proviso. This matter will be settled in conference. Regarding future return of the railways to their owners, the Administration bill had merely declared that nothing in the bill was to be construed as "expressing or prejudicing" future policy regarding "ownership, control, or regulation." But Congress insisted on a more positive declaration. In the Senate bill the positive date for returning the properties is set eighteen months after peace comes; the House bill fixes two years; but the President may take such action earlier in his own discretion. This agreement is of great importance as declaring the purpose of the Government. That the railways should be immediately released from public operation on return of peace, when the problems of industrial and military "demobilization" would remain to be dealt with, no one had seriously advocated.

IN two encouraging statements the Food Administration indicates that the Allied food situation has been much relieved. One shows how fast grain exports have increased in the last month; the other tells us that meat exports have attained such a figure that one meatless day is enough. To meet the minimum monthly Allied demand for 800,000 tons of food, the United States must ship over 180,000 tons a week, chiefly in grain. On February 1 the situation was alarming, as both Mr. Hoover and Lord Rhondda showed in their public utterances. Nothing like the minimum was going forward, and in the first week of February only 85,000 tons of grain were shipped. But thanks to the steady clearing up of the railway blockade and bunkering difficulties, to earnest administrative effort, and to popular food conservation, 150,000 tons of cereals were shipped the second week, 145,000 the third, 175,000 the fourth. Meat shipments will bring the total for February to 700,000 tons. For March we shall certainly well surpass the minimum figure, and perhaps reach shipments of a million tons. The danger point seems past.

A WAR-RELIEF organization of which little has been heard is the American Women's Hospitals. This is the only national association of women physicians for this purpose. It has a membership of more than a thousand, over half of whom are willing to go abroad. Although it is only eight months old, it has coöperated in sending thirty women physicians and ten lay workers, including anæsthetists and bacteriologists, to France and Servia. One of them is in charge of a maternity and children's hospital at Châlons; another is serving in a military hospital under Pershing; a third is making a medical survey of the institutions for refugee children in France. On this side the organization is rendering service to the wives and children of soldiers and sailors, women specialists having set aside a certain number of hours each week for gratuitous care of them in the specialist's office or the patient's home. It has also opened laboratory courses at the Women's College of Pennsylvania and at the Research Laboratory of the Board of Health of this city, for fitting college women who have had courses in chemistry and biology to become laboratory workers.

THE Canadian soldier vote has increased the margin of the Borden Government in Parliament in unexpected degree, lifting it from 45 to 60. Some ballots will yet be counted, and it is possible one or two more seats may be won, but already the gain is emphatic over even the strong Conservative lead of 47 after the election of 1911. The isolation of Quebec is left plain. In the new Parliament the Government's majority of 62 seats in Ontario neutralizes Quebec, with three seats to spare. Saskatchewan has elected a full Government delegation of 16, British Columbia of 13, and Manitoba has sent a Government majority of 12, Alberta of 10, Nova Scotia of 8, and New Brunswick of 3. The very strength of the Union Government's position

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should, by minimizing the display of party feeling, give scope for tact and generosity.

IN reaffirming Mooney's death sentence the Supreme Court of California evaded what looks to the outsider like its responsibility by basing itself on a question of jurisdiction. It pleads that in this case it could pass only on points of law. It could not review the evidence. With the nation aroused over what seemed palpable evidence of persecution in the original trial, with large sections of labor so bitter that Secretary Wilson's commission recommended some interference with the sentence as almost imperative, with opinion in Russia vehemently protesting, the Court has spent its time looking for "errors in the record." Law may be with it, as it may be with other strange acts. The Court is now to pass on a motion for retrial. If this is not granted, Governor Stephens may interfere. We must hope that executive interference from Sacramento or Washington will not be needed—that the courts of California will yet vindicate justice fully. But if necessary it is plain that executive interference will come. The pity meanwhile is in the delay.

THE proposal to go back to party conventions, but not all the way back, is a confession of the strength of the primary system. The report by the special committee of the Senate at Albany limits nomination by convention to State offices and to Justices of the Supreme Court, and respecting even these provision is made for electing delegates pledged to a certain candidate, while all delegates are to be chosen in primaries. It is as if the Committee said, "Of course, if you are determined to have primaries, all right, only please remember that when we say 'convention,' we do not mean the old sort that you finally abolished." But it may be questioned whether a half-and-half arrangement is not worse than either the primary or the convention system alone. Will voters be as interested in electing delegates, even pledged delegates, as in voting for their preferences directly? Indeed, in so far as the new plan admits pledged delegates, it is a self-contradiction. What is the point in having a convention that is a mere registering body? The Committee is a bit disingenuous in resting its case for a convention upon the physical impossibility of voters meeting in large groups "to declare their purposes"—in other words, to frame a platform—and going on to give the convention power to nominate as well.

ONE day woman suffrage was a failure because the newly enfranchised women voters in the four Congressional districts of New York where special elections are being held refused to come out and register. The next day woman suffrage was a success because it seems, after all, that one-fourth of the women voters did register, as against only one-sixth of the men voters in 1914. So long as there are elections and registration days in these United States, it is not likely that people will give up the habit of deducing from the registration returns the most fascinating and startling conclusions regarding the successful candidate, the nature of women, the prospects of republican institutions in China, and the influence of the Russian ballet on the Indiana potato crop. Since woman suffrage is so decidedly with us, one wonders why all this ancient pother about woman's fitness and unfitness, as deduced from the way she reacts in a summer hat on a rainy day. Suffragists, of course, cannot resist the temptation of rebutting attack by proving that women in politics behave better than men. The safer procedure would be to show that they behave exactly like men.

SENATOR McCUMBER gave the quietus the other day to the ancient libel that the Senate is always behind the times. We all know that a few deft references to the Bolsheviki at dinner will make the hostess beam on one. We also know that a light allusion to profiteering fixes one's position in the march of progress. Senator McCumber came very near functioning 100 per cent. by taking on both the Bolsheviki and the profiteers. We don't know how he could have done much better unless by adding a casual remark on camouflage. The ideal statement, of course, would have described the Bolsheviki and the profiteers as engaged in camouflaging the efforts of the men who are preparing to go over the top over there. But perhaps the full report in the *Congressional Record* will show that this is just what the Senator did.

SOME improvement in the matter of "returns," free copies, and so on is noted by the Federal Trade Commission in its report on publications for January. The figures show a reduction also in the average number of pages printed, especially in the Sunday newspapers. One monthly magazine was compelled to admit "returns" amounting to half the entire issue, and others reported 15 per cent., while a weekly publication had 20 per cent. of its copies returned. The need for conservation of print paper is due not only to scarcity of the paper, but also to conditions of transportation, which make it desirable to relieve the railroads of all unnecessary traffic, and to the scanty supply of coal. Publishers are urged to continue their efforts to curtail consumption. The statistics in the report are based upon 630 daily, 265 Sunday, 167 weekly, and 22 monthly publications; the total number of copies of each printed was, respectively, 22,000,000, 14,000,000, 8,000,000, and 8,000,000. That the average number of pages in the Sunday newspapers was only 33 shows that the enormous editions are confined to a few centres.

THE sale of a well-known collection in New York again draws attention to the curious fact that war has not by any means spoiled the art market. Newly rich Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish millionaires complain that they cannot compete with native wealth at the German auctions. From Paris and London agents of American connoisseurs and dealers send in similar reports. What is the reason of this in times of unprecedented income taxes, with capital taxes threatening in the offing? Various explanations have been given. The art-buying class never was very large, at best. It would take only a very moderate increase of this handful by war profits to make itself felt. And the new recruits would, for the most part, be of the spending, "easy come, easy go" temper. In the Central Powers region there has been the additional explanation that many people lacked confidence in the currency and bonds issued from Hamburg to Constantinople by practically the same printing presses and preferred to invest in pictures. In short, in central Europe the signature of an artist has become more potent than that of a monarch.

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Russia and Democracy

RUSSIAN signatures have been attached to a treaty of peace at Brest-Litovsk, and the Allies confront a situation which calls for the highest wisdom, caution, and resolution. Not that we need special insight to understand the German purpose. This is now as plain as day. The disappearance of Russia as a military power is to be followed by the crushing of the Revolution. The Revolution is to be encompassed on all sides by fortresses of reaction garrisoned by German influence. German militarism has flung a challenge to the moral sentiment of the world.

With the military balance of power gone, there remains for the democratic nations, nay, there emerges more strongly than ever, the need of maintaining the moral balance against Germany, the balance of democracy against German militarist autocracy. Russia must be saved for the community of free nations. The healthy fruits of the Russian Revolution must be saved, not only for the sake of the great Slav people itself, but for the sake of the world. In combating the downfall of Russian liberty we should be fighting for ourselves. For just as truly as the destruction of Czarism sent a vivifying thrill through the free peoples of the world, the failure of the Russian experiment will spell reaction everywhere. The vista of a world democratically ruled, freed from the incubus of secret diplomacy, based on the self-determination of peoples, and granting a full measure of justice to the working masses, will disappear if the Russian Revolution disappears. The advocates of militarism in every free country will be justified in their words and works. It is for the Western democracies to say whether the vision of last March shall pass into history as only a nightmare.

In this sense, peace at the "expense" of Russia would be a monstrous thing. Lenine may argue that the surrender of Russian territories to German influence is not fatal; and that the problem is to "preserve as far as possible the revolution in Russia itself" until such a time as the war-weary nations shall join Russia in revolt. But the revolution in a dismembered Russia cannot live. It will have to face ultimately a reaction of national sentiment based on bitter resentment at the havoc wrought by the Revolution. It will be unable to carry out its programme in the isolation to which it has condemned itself. A barrier running from Finland on the Arctic to Rumania on the Black Sea will sever revolutionary Russia from the communion of the western world. Economic ruin confronts a country cut off from its principal ports—from Riga, Odessa, Helsingfors. But more than that, the Revolution in this truncated Russia must face the active enmity of the German power. The Kaiser has accepted the challenge of the Bolsheviki. They set out to infect the world with their ideas. Germany has set out to infect the Slavic world with its own ideas of "order." In that chain of border states which were formerly Russia, the Kaiser will have built up an active quarantine against the Russian Revolution. From Finland, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, the Ukraine, and Rumania the forces of reaction will play upon what remains of revolutionary Russia.

The German Government has set out to stifle the Russian Revolution for its own external interests and internal equanimity. The Allies must preserve the Russian Revolution for their own internal health and for the ideal of a community of free nations in which alone rests the hope of escape from such another agony as the world is now passing through. The mistakes of last year must not be repeated by the Allies. We must cut ourselves free from appraising the value of Russia to the world in terms only of her army.

The problem of the Allied governments and peoples is to seek for the elements of regeneration within revolutionary Russia. There is danger in looking towards Cossack or Japanese armies for the restoration of Russia to the western fellowship. Such methods at once raise in the hearts of the Russian people that dread of reaction which is still, and naturally, their most poignant fear. We must win back Russia by safeguarding her Revolution. We must search for those men and parties in Russia whose fealty to the Revolution can never be questioned, but who nevertheless stand for the unity of the Russian lands and against the German ideal of "order." For the time being they are submerged under the Bolshevik tide; but they exist. They are the men who, like Kerensky, envisaged the Revolution as working itself out in a Russia of federated republics, with every safeguard for national and cultural autonomy and self-determination, short of secession from the Slav brotherhood. They are the men and women of the Constituent Assembly, embracing the vast majority of the pioneers and martyrs of the long struggle for Russian freedom. To them the Allies should turn, with a pledge of their own national honor that the crusade is essentially one for the preservation of a free and democratic Russia.

Japan and Russia

WE have reason to be grateful for the practical caution and sense of moral responsibility with which the Administration has been deliberating the momentous issue of Japanese intervention in Asiatic Russia. Can it be possible that the Allies are preparing to add another critical blunder to the mistakes of policy which have contributed in such unhappy measure to the present sad state of Russian affairs? One cannot read the newspaper rumor and comment about Japanese intentions in Siberia without being reminded of the tragic weeks following upon Kornilov's adventure last September. We meet the same unfortunate lack of insight into Russian problems and the Russian soul, the same indifference to suspicions created regarding Allied motives, the same reckless want of correlation between the purpose striven for and the peril of the means proposed for the realization of that purpose. From the Northcliffe *Times*, which lost not a minute last September in throwing up its hat for a Russian Napoleon—at last!—from our own Tory press which was sighing last year for the return of the Czar, there now comes a demand for a "free hand" for Japan in Siberia.

What is the situation which supposedly calls for Japanese intervention? In the rapid development of that situation there lie sinister possibilities. It began several months ago with the proposal of a landing at Vladivostok—by Japanese alone or by a joint Allied force—for the safeguarding of the great amount of military stores at Vladivostok. At first it was to prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the Bolsheviki. Then it became a question of preventing the Bolsheviki from handing over these supplies to Germany. To-day it is not a question of military supplies at all, but of territories. Once more we encounter that ominous phrase, "sphere of interest." Once more we are confronted with "vital questions of national defence"—for Ja-

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pan and her allies. There is talk now of vast regions occupied for "self-protection," of Okhotsk, the Amur Province, all of Siberia east of the Baikal. And it is impossible for any fair mind to read of these territorial occupations planned for purely defensive purposes without being reminded of the "defensive" purposes which are now leading German armies into the heart of Russia, which justified the murderous leap upon Belgium, which are the burden of daily outcry among the Reventlows and the Tirpitzes for rectifications and readjustments and safeguards.

To our mind the essence of the question is not at all whether we trust or distrust Japanese intentions. It is not of Japan we must think, but of Russia. We may look upon the proposal for Japanese intervention in Siberia as a sincere desire to frustrate German purposes. We may concede that the Allied desire is the altruistic one of helping distracted Russia to find herself by giving her the lead in a definite course of action. We may say all these things and yet insist that on the mere ground of expediency any attempt that looks like coercion applied to Russia would be a blunder of the first magnitude. For the heart of the Russian problem is this: if Russia is to be saved for herself and for the Allies, the regenerative force must come from within Russia. Unquestionably, it is our duty and our interest to stimulate in every way possible this process of regeneration. Unquestionably, we can be of use if we go at the task in the right way. But the advance of Allied armies into Siberian provinces, more than five thousand miles away from Petrograd, is not the right way. The obvious first result would be to strengthen the Bolshevik tirade against the imperialist aims of the Allies. If Lenine still needs a moral justification for signing an ignominious peace with Germany, he would have it then. He would show that Japan and the other Allies are no less land-hungry than the Junkers.

What, on the other hand, are the military reasons which might conceivably outweigh the moral handicap the Allies would assume? How can a Japanese occupation of great stretches of territory in Siberia affect the advance of German armies into Russia? Or is it to be not Siberia merely? Granted the immense superiority of Japanese efficiency over Russian, we cannot forget the lessons of the Manchurian war of fourteen years ago. Russia was beaten because she was fighting at the end of a thin line of railway more than five thousand miles long. Japan would be under the same disadvantage in any campaign planned for European Russia. If the Teuton prisoners in Siberia to-day are so formidable a force as to threaten Japanese interests in her Manchurian sphere, what of the threat to a Japanese line of communications all across Asia and half of Europe? How many Japanese troops will be needed to guard this line of communications? And just what sort of campaign against German arms can be waged by Japanese troops in the heart of a Russia that is determined not to fight? But if this is leaping too far ahead, if there is no intention of bringing an Allied army to the Russian front by way of Siberia, then there is no vital reason for going into Siberia at all. We shall irritate and alarm without being practically effective.

There is just one step that would justify military action by the Allies in Russian territory, and that is a call from within Russia for such action. If the representative elements of the Russian people now held down by the Bolsheviki, if the men and women of the dispersed Constituent Assembly, if those Russians to whom the Revolution is dear and who see in the German advance the death of the Revolution, were to call upon us for help, the question would be shifted to an utterly different moral and practical basis. But until such a desire in Russia makes itself manifest, we can only see intervention playing directly into the hands of the present régime, by enabling the Bolsheviki to fix upon their opponents the stigma of counter-revolution. Certainly the least we can do is to wait for the action of the All-Russian Conference of Soviets summoned by the Bolsheviki to Moscow next week for consideration of the treaty of peace with the Germans. This attitude of doubt on the part of Lenine and Trotzky shows that the elements in Russia opposed to a surrender are far from negligible.

The War as a Sociological Laboratory

IF one could imagine a philosopher detached enough, and sufficiently callous to human misery, one could almost fancy him gloating over the immense social and governmental experimentation which the war has forced. It has come on a scale and with a speed greater than the boldest innovators could have dreamed of four years ago. It is as if State Socialism were being tried out in a huge laboratory, with all the world looking on to study the results. Even in chaotic Russia book theory is being put to the test of actual trial. The possibility of a government of, for, and by the proletariat; the doctrine that if only shoemakers and factory workers could be given free land they would be happy ever afterwards in an assured millennium—these and other theses of the lecture-room and the agitators' hall are now brought face to face with refractory facts.

England has now had a long period of State Socialism at work. Its consequences have been brought under careful observation. The good results and the bad have been sifted. At a time when the United States, with the passage of bills by Congress to enable the Government to bring under its power more and more of the nation's transportation and production and finance, is about to launch out further into the deep of State Socialism, it behooves us to take note of the experience of England. Nobody there denies the necessity of what was done. The war has been a harsh taskmaster. It has compelled the wholesale "swallowing of formulas." It has driven the Government on to one gigantic task after another. All this was inevitable, but the effects have not been altogether as expected, nor have they been wholly pleasant. But they have been most instructive.

Various reports have been laid before the English public. One of them was the work of a special sub-committee of the House of Commons, representing all parties. Another was by the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. The Steamship Owners' Association produced a third. Through them all there runs one general conviction. It is that, while the war made necessary the seizure by the Government of many new functions, and while the work undertaken has been done with a kind of hard efficiency, it has been done wastefully, and with the sacrifice or imperilling of many things needful for the successful carrying on of great business. These English observers see only disaster in the continued rule of the Government clerk. Swarms of Government agents have thrust aside the men who had given their lives to acquiring special knowledge of the problems to be solved. The merchant class has been superseded, with the result that

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"their knowledge of markets, of products, and of values has been lost to the country." The whole machinery of British foreign trade has been dislocated. Business talent, rare and painfully acquired, has been ignored by the crowding Government inspectors. The steamship men assert that "shipping in the hands of the state is the servant of the departments, commissioners, and committees, and the master of none, and waste which has not to be paid for directly in cash is ignored by them one and all." Moreover, the discontent and rebellion descend from the highly trained and experienced merchants and shippers and engineers to the working classes. There is surprisingly unanimous testimony that the laborers subject to the system dislike it intensely. Their wages have been raised, and all that, but they feel that they are under an unaccustomed and grinding tyranny. One typical report comes from the miners in South Wales, where, it is stated, "the only emotion which assuages the acute and deplorable differences between employers and employees is a growing common hatred of state control."

These tests in the English sociological laboratory are not, of course, conclusive, but they are highly suggestive. One thing they make clear beyond a peradventure is that State Socialism is no panacea for all the ills that society's flesh is heir to. It is not a magic solvent for all difficulties. Where it removes one old one it may easily create two that are new. But the special lesson for the United States which the experience of England points is the need of proceeding with the inevitable extension of Government control with caution and with intelligence. Every care should be taken to leave intact the technical staffs of the private corporations brought under the power of the Government. There is such a thing as control without undue meddling, and this should be the type aimed at.

Wages and Living Costs

WHAT is a decent wage for a Chicago stock yards employee supporting a wife and three children? In 1910 it was $800, and in 1917 it should be $1,177—so stated an associate economist of the Federal Bureau of Applied Economics in the arbitration hearing before a Federal judge. The employees' attorney maintains that $1,288 is the proper wage. Meanwhile, the Armour, Swift, and Morris firms are paying an average wage of between $800 and $850, and defending it. Social workers report some dire poverty, and the Chicago *News* publishes a general investigation of laboring conditions under the heading, "Workers Forced to Europe's Standards." The packers counter this with the statement that the wage has enabled the employees to build up huge aggregate bank accounts, and to spend large sums in the saloons. Their "welfare departments" believe there is no general suffering. Meanwhile, wage hearings elsewhere reveal the same wide difference of opinion. A labor leader has told the Railway Wage Commission that increased pay is imperative for all men receiving less than $1,200. Are wages really following prices up so slowly? If this is so with packing, ship, and railway employees, what is the case with unorganized labor?

What seems the common judgment of inquirers is that, fast as wages have risen in the last two years, the cost of living has risen faster; but that labor has withstood the resulting hardships surprisingly. Federal figures are not recent. But the Mayor's Food Committee in Philadelphia lately furnished a year's study of the wages and living costs of over 11,000 representative union workers. It concluded that "if the increase in prices for the year, from February, 1916, to February, 1917, be compared with wages for the same period, it will be seen that prices rose 31.1 per cent., while wages rose only 16 per cent. If the wages figures were continued to August, moreover, which unfortunately it was impossible to do, it is hardly likely that they would be shown to have kept pace with the extraordinary price increases of April and May." Between February 1, 1916, and October 1, 1917, the United States Steel Corporation advanced wages 60 per cent., but, according to some suspicious figures from the *Survey*, the price of food advanced 123 per cent. Rents probably were stationary, and clothing, fuel, and light slightly higher. The New York State Industrial Commission reports that factory workers in January, 1918, received 11 per cent. more wages than a year ago, and 40 per cent. more than two years ago. This is phenomenal; but Federal figures show that some foods rose by 40 to 87 per cent. from November, 1916, to last November. And wage advances have been uneven. The *American Federationist's* sectional reports consistently show that while organized labor is prosperous, unorganized labor has suffered. It has been generally believed by economists that from 1900 to 1912 real wages fell; but many think that from 1912 to 1916, when war stimulated industry and stopped immigration, they rose. This rise would help labor to endure temporary decreases.

It is to be wished that the process of wage readjustment were more mobile and more intelligent. One step towards fairer wage determination is exemplified in the Chicago packing industry hearings. Arbitration is to be based upon complete data covering living costs and other pertinent factors. The two great Federal agencies of adjustment, the Railroad Wage Board and Shipbuilding Wage Board, both take living costs fully into consideration. The latter discriminates carefully between localities as the supply and demand of labor and the cost of food, housing, and so on, vary. But lately several large industries have furnished examples of a wage adjustment that aims not merely at fairness, but continuous fairness. Two years ago the Oneida Community, Ltd., adopted a plan for adding regularly to wages in accordance with the cost of living. Monthly each employee receiving under $2,000 is given an additional sum, based on *Bradstreet's* index figure, to adjust his salary to changing costs. A large wholesale hardware house in Cleveland, and one in Duluth, have adopted the same plan. The Solvay Process Company of Detroit has established a statistical office to adjust wages to costs at monthly intervals. It is notable that it has lately fixed $1,200 as the annual minimum. A hundred families keep careful accounts on company schedules. The Franklin Automobile Company provides for continuous study of living costs and quarterly wage revision.

The applicability of such adjustment plans, as of profit-sharing plans, may be strictly limited. But the applicability of the informing spirit certainly is not. The Chicago packers may be able to get the men they want at less than $850, but if that wage means distress, they are under an obligation to raise it. If the war continues long, prices and wages must still rise. When it ends, new production, renewed immigration, and so on, will probably make both fall. Employers cannot be too alert in all movements to keep wages a generous measure of the needs of the time.

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The Professors in Battle Array

THE Committee on Academic Freedom and Academic Tenure of the American Association of University Professors has just made public its report, and we are thus obliged to return, earlier than we had intended, to that subject. The report is a serious disappointment, for in dealing with war-time conditions, it proceeds, as it seems to us, from a false principle to conclusions fraught with almost unlimited possibilities of mischief.

The problem of academic tenure involves the question of procedure in dismissal, and that of reasons justifying such action. On the first question, as was to be expected, the committee insists that when charges are brought against a professor "the proceedings should, as a matter of course, be strictly judicial in character, and should be in accord with the principle of faculty responsibility." So far so good. Such a procedural reform would mean an important improvement in current university practice; but the primary question would remain, what reasons justify dismissal?

In an admirable statement in the *Nation* of October 25 last, Prof. Herbert L. Stewart argued vigorously for the necessity of exceptional restraint upon free speech in time of war, and then added: "But, if restrictive action is to be used, what authority is entitled to use it? The *state* is entitled to use it, and no other authority whatsoever." This view the committee quotes with only a qualified approval that amounts to a rejection, and then proceeds to elaborate, to the extent of a dozen pages, the reasons that justify the dismissal of a professor by the "academic authorities" without prior action by the Government. If the committee had only accepted the principle so clearly stated by Professor Stewart, and no less admirably, though in a different way, by President Lowell in his annual report, it would have avoided a series of conclusions that will return to vex the academic profession long after this war is over.

By rejecting this principle, the committee, for the period of the war, hands over the keys of the castle to the enemy, and then proceeds to cite four grounds on which it would have "academic authorities" dismiss officers (employees?) during war: (1) "conviction of disobedience to any statute or lawful executive order relating to the war"; (2) "propaganda designed, or unmistakably tending, to cause others to resist or evade the compulsory service law or the regulations of the military authorities" (this applies especially to extra-mural utterances); (3) action designed "to dissuade others from rendering voluntary assistance to the efforts of the Government," such as volunteering for military service, buying bonds, and the like; (4) in the case of university officers of Teutonic extraction and sympathy, violating a parole to avoid in private as well as in public relations all hostile acts and utterances concerning the United States and its Government. In all cases but the first the committee would have the university outdo the Government, not in patriotism, but in repression. Indeed, it says in so many words, "Of these grounds, three presuppose no prior action on the part of any Government official."

At risk of being misunderstood, we must criticise this position, which in our view jeopards the very conception of a university. We do not at all defend the acts cited, or those who commit them. This is wholly beside the real point. The essence of university life is freedom to think, freedom to differ. In times of public danger, the public authorities unavoidably put such limitations as they think necessary on that freedom. These limitations are an evil, however necessary an evil they may be. But surely the university, as the home of freedom, should not go out of its way to impose on its members, in addition to these, other restrictions that are not laid on other members of the community; and that is just what the committee proposes. We make no plea for license, but in all seriousness we inquire, does the committee hold that a German university ought to dismiss one of its men for taking an attitude of criticism or opposition to the majority, so long as he keeps within the limits imposed by the law? Or does the principle vary with geographical location and the flag? We are not defending lawbreakers; we are only saying that "academic authorities" ought to leave the punishment of law-breakers in the hands of the Government, coöperating like other good citizens. The university as such should cherish the duty and responsibility of free thought and criticism within the limits necessarily imposed during war.

The fundamental error in the committee's position, as we see it, lies in the apparent assumption that a state of war fundamentally changes the work of a university and the method of accomplishing it. It is not a question of the righteousness of our cause, but of the duty of the university. We hold that it exists for the discovery and proclamation of the truth, not for propaganda purposes, no matter how righteous the propaganda. The university method is freedom to discuss, freedom to differ, freedom to be in a minority. That method we hold to be sound; that method we believe ought to be followed during war time, within the limits imposed by law; that method the university will forsake at any time only at peril to its own usefulness in a state governed by fallible human beings. And notwithstanding the distinctions which the committee attempts to draw with such meticulous care, the whole drift of its report, so far as we can understand it, runs in the direction of favoring the abandonment of that method "for the duration of the war," though we do not believe it to be so intended. Fully as we share the committee's conviction of the rightness of our cause, we cannot avoid the conclusion that we have here another melancholy instance in which judgment on a great question of freedom has been warped by passionate devotion to that cause, and that the more sober reflection of quieter times, when it is too late, will lead to another answer.

Finally, we would call attention to the logical jump involved in passing from the duty of the citizen "in loyally rendering the services and making the sacrifices which the national emergency requires" to the right and duty of the "academic authorities" to dismiss the officer who, without violating the law, is *in their judgment* acting in a manner contrary to that required by the national interest. Freedom of conscience and freedom of thought are among our most precious possessions, and they do ill indeed who would be behind modern governments in respecting them. Especially should the university deal comprehendingly with the despised conscientious objector and the intellectual dissentient in its own number. For in the wise words of President Lowell: "There is no middle ground. Either the university assumes full responsibility for permitting its professors to express certain opinions in public, or it assumes no responsibility whatever, and leaves them to be dealt with like other citizens by the public authorities according to the law of the land."

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A National Department of Education

By JOHN H. MacCRACKEN

THE proposal to create a national Department of Education with a Secretary of equal rank with the Secretary of Commerce or the Secretary of Agriculture, and entitled to a seat in the President's Cabinet, is not a new one. The bill drawn by Emerson White and presented by General Garfield at the close of the Civil War proposed such a Department, but during the discussion in Congress the Department was reduced to the rank of a bureau in the Department of the Interior. The proposal, however, has taken on new significance as a result of the radical change in our international policies during the last three years. A nation which deliberately sought international isolation had little need for a national representative of education. A nation which assumes the rôle of arbiter of the world's destinies and judge of the world's disputes must give the American school a national representative so that the United States may contribute to the world's education whatever it has of value, and learn from the school experience of other nations all that is to be learned.

It is not a question of placing the administration of schools in the hands of the national Government. No one wants the national Government to administer the schools, nor could it do this without a constitutional amendment. It is not a question of introducing the national Government to a field of effort which hitherto it has not entered. Already its educational activities are manifold. The encouragement of colleges for agriculture, or the mechanic arts, the recent creation of a Board for Vocational Education, the research activities of the Bureau of Standards, the Naval Observatory, the Smithsonian Institution, as well as the activities of the present Bureau of Education, testify to the fact that the national Government has already entered the field of education and feels at home there.

We want a Department of Education, not to rule, but to serve, education in the States. As President Wilson said thirty years ago, "The nation properly comes before the States in honor and importance, not because it is more important than they are, but because it is all-important to them and to the maintenance of every principle of government, which we have established and still cherish. The national Government is the organic frame of the States. It has enabled and still enables them to exist." What is true of the States in their more general governmental functions is true also of education. We do not want a national Department of Education to supplant or replace our State Departments of Education; we want it because such a national Department is all-important to them, and because we believe education is the first corollary of democracy.

Our forefathers, having suffered from an excess of governmental activity, wanted government a negative rather than a positive force in our community life. Accordingly, they withdrew the whole field of religion and religious teaching from the territory open to legislative activity. A similar sentiment leads many to regard with apprehension anything which looks towards greater governmental activity in the field of education. They admit the right of the national Government to step in and take charge of the youth of the country from sixteen to twenty years of age to prepare them for war, or so to order universal military training as to modify the whole educational system of the United States, so long as it is done by the Department of War. They admit the right of the national Government to establish any schools or to give any instruction necessary for the conduct of the present war, or any possible future war, yet hesitate at the thought of a national Department of Education, either in war or in peace. They allow the national Government to say what the American people may or may not read, so long as it is done through the Post Office Department. They strain at the gnat and swallow the camel. It is said that the hearing of the blind is peculiarly acute, that those who cannot see or hear develop extraordinary sensitiveness of touch, that if the legs are cut off, the arms are stronger. In the same way our nation, if by reason of arbitrary stricture not allowed to develop certain normal national interests, will develop others just so much more strongly. If as a nation we can give expression to our interest in agriculture, in commerce, in war, in labor, but not to our interest in education, we shall become, as in the past we have shown a tendency to become, a nation of farmers and business men, or as we are now in danger of becoming, a nation of soldiers and workmen, and our Government, like Russia's, a Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates.

Whether we like it or not, the events of the war have made us a world power. During the next hundred years our international life will be more important than our intranational life. What are to be the interests of this giant among nations? What ends is our gold to serve? Into what are we to transmute our wealth or our treasure? If we profess adherence to the creed that aggrandizement of territory or power can no longer be the purpose of national life, what are we as a nation going to live for? The political philosophers have thought of only two alternatives: one, a good time; the other, improvement. Up to the present time our Government at Washington is in the same mutilated condition in practice as Aristotle's Politics in theory; in both the section dealing with education is missing.

But what specific things, it is urged, would be left for a national Department of Education to do, if the States all do their full share? There is at present a French Education Commission in America duly accredited by the French Government. Who has authority to bid it welcome in the name of American education? The English universities have proposed a commission to visit England and confer on questions of international interest. Whose business is it to take up the matter for American education? China is emerging into a new civilization. Is she to model her schools on the Prussian system? The Russian Republic is groping for light educationally, as well as otherwise. Are her educational leaders to turn again to Germany? If not, whose business is it to express a national American interest in the education of her illiterate millions? South America is ready for closer relations educationally. Must the work be left to private foundations, or have we other interests than war which require national expression and national unity?

The national Government gave liberally for colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts, but it has had no way of making sure that the money was used for the purpose for which it was given. It has learned already that the nation

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which lacks scientifically trained men cannot wage war in these days, and if the chief end of the future were to be the waging of war, the national Government would have to take a greater interest than it has ever done before in the promotion of science and scientific research. Government has made heavy drafts on the colleges and universities for their trained scientists, economists, psychologists, linguists, public speakers, historians, and other experts in the present emergency. After such a demonstration, is the Government prepared to say to education after the war, "Washington is no place for you; leave representation in the Government machine to soldiers, farmers, and mechanics"? Or are we prepared to say, on the other hand: "We have nothing in our civilization which expresses American ideals so truly and so universally as our schools. We have invested a billion dollars in school plants, and spend nearly a billion a year on running expenses; we keep seven hundred thousand teachers constantly employed; we entrust to their charge the best years of twenty-two million American youth, an army as great in numbers as all the armies of all the nations now under arms. If America has any contribution to make to the world, it is her schools and the ideals of her schools. If we cannot always have for the head of the Cabinet a schoolmaster, at least let us have one Cabinet member who can talk internationally, not for ships, or shoes, or cabbages, but for schools and the American citizen of to-morrow"?

To quote from Dutton and Snedden's "Educational Administration in the United States":

> It has been a matter of sincere regret to many that the United States has not given to education a place in the councils of the nation, equal to war or commerce. The work of raising the Bureau of Education to its proper dignity and equipping it to control and care for all the educational agencies which the Government undertakes, awaits the commanding effort of some great leader, who not only appreciates the crying evil of the present situation, but has the heart and the courage to take up the battle and win the victory.

Politics, Profits, and Patriotism in Wisconsin

By H. M. KALLEN

WISCONSIN'S record for political decency, called significantly "progressivism," is one which was attained by bitter struggle and maintained by constant vigilance and battle. The leader of the "progressive" movement has been and is Senator La Follette. Because of him, the people of the State have been divided, regardless of party lines, into two irreconcilable factions, and towards him there has been directed an extraordinary devotion and an equally extraordinary rancor. In temperament a combination of Puritan and prima donna, he is to-day the chief preoccupation of interests and politicians in the State of Wisconsin, and all issues, remote as they may seem, end ultimately in pro or anti-La Follettism. The reasons are not far to seek. Mr. La Follette has made certain principles of government peculiarly his own; indeed, he appears to be temperamentally incapable of separating principles from personalities, and this incapacity has cost him the Presidency, has destroyed the unity of the "progressive" movement in the State, and has earned for La Follette the bitter and relentless enmities that beset him. The advantage accruing from this essential vanity is a readiness to fight for a principle as for life; the history of "progressivism" in Wisconsin is largely the history of La Follette's personal fight with "the interests."

In the course of that fight the citizens of the State were awakened to "progressive" principles of government, and they have remained awake to those principles ever since. The victory over "the interests" relaxed the attention of the public from government, but did not alter its disposition towards good government: Mr. Emanuel Phillip's first election to the Governorship was due entirely to La Follette's vindictiveness, which destroyed the unity of the political liberals in the State. Governor Phillip's second election was due to the fact that he was a Republican candidate who had won his nomination in the primaries over a split "progressive" ticket. It is significant, however, that the two measures about which this ex-railroad lobbyist was most concerned failed to pass the Legislature. One would have "denatured" the Tax Commission and seriously weakened the income tax; the other would have given much satisfaction to the water-power "interests." The voters of Wisconsin are essentially "progressive."

The voters of Wisconsin are also essentially loyal Americans. Certain citizens of the State, zealous about her reputation for patriotism, have taken care to give her a bad name. La Follette's reputed position on the war, particularly his obsession that our going in was engineered by "the interests," has been used to reinforce this defamation. His circulation of his pre-war speeches, evidently designed to clarify his position to his constituents, served only to enhance this defamation, and to give his enemies the chance they wanted. The existence of a strong Socialist faction in Milwaukee and of a certain amount of German sympathy as well have been made much of. The State's record, however, for voluntary enlistments, in which men with German names bulk largely, and for all the other forms of service to the nation in its need, indicate what a libel, malicious or accidental, the whole thing has been and is. In point of fact, patriotism has been made a cover for politics and profits. "Pro-German," in these times, is an excellent stick to beat a dog with.

It is true that prior to our participation in the war the citizens of Wisconsin of German blood and the press that addressed itself to them were of German sympathy. Blood is thicker than water, and cousins and uncles and fathers were fighting in the German armies. After our declaration of war, the sons and nephews and cousins of these same citizens volunteered for the militia and the regular army and were drafted into the National Army. Sympathy followed affection. This thirty per cent. of the population of the State is to-day as loyal as any thirty per cent. of any State in the Union.

As for the doctrinaire Socialists, they were and have remained intransigent with respect to the war. But they maintain that position with respect to all wars. They have the blindness and stupidity of all religionists regardful of dogmas rather than of events. But to call them "pro-German" is as absurd as to call Lenine and Trotzky pro-German.

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There remains La Follette. His position on war issues is in bad repute throughout the country, and his motives have been declared to be regardful of the "German vote" in his State. In view of the fact that the "German" population of the State is but thirty per cent. of the whole, the charge that he had his eye on the "German vote" is not without its irony. Readers of the Congressional Record will know what the evidence in libel suits he has initiated is making clear—that there has been wilful misrepresentation of his position and his votes. Out of forty-five or more votes connected with the war, he failed to vote on the declaration against Austria, he voted against our going to war with Germany, against conscription, against the conscription of aviators. In all other matters he appears to have voted with the Administration. His speeches lend more color to the opinion created concerning him. But nobody who knows the prima-donna type of rhetorician, with its play of ego and of vindictiveness towards disagreement, will lay much stress on phrases arising out of such qualities. It is these that have helped to give La Follette and Wisconsin a bad name in the present crisis, and have been capitalized by the "stalwarts" of the State in their attempt to win complete control.

For the war brought what seemed a golden opportunity. State machinery, created by national legislation to assist the national Government in the task of effective organization for war, offered a convenient means of operation. This machinery is the State Council of Defence, with its subordinate county councils. The chairman of the State Council is one Magnus Swenson, identified with water-power interests, so hating La Follette that he required the immediate resignation (which was refused) of one member of a county council who had been reported as approving something the Senator had done. On the county councils appeared officers of corporations whose excess profits La Follette's taxation bill would have considerably reduced. A passion and a hysteria spread over the State. Newspapers that had been "progressive" suddenly became anti-La Follette. A new paper, reputed to be of "progressive" proclivities, was denounced as pro-German. "Loyalty legions" sprang up, and the pledges they circulated counted as patriotism, among other things, the denunciation of La Follette and working "against all supporters of La Follette." It became dangerous to mention La Follette or any of his words or acts except by way of denunciation. Accusations were levelled at the State University for pro-Germanism because the faculty failed as a body to denounce La Follette, and La Follette became a welcome objective for the katharsis of the repressed war emotions of faculty members. An article in an Eastern weekly led finally to a resolution prepared by a section of the faculty's "war committee," but not formally passed by the faculty. The resolution was signed by all but about three per cent. of those to whom it was submitted, signed by many because they dared not refuse. The whole comedy was distinguished by neither courage nor sincerity, and formed simply another episode in the pitiful demoralization of the academic world. For a time the State underwent something like an inquisition and a terror. The most recent episode was the summoning to a "conference" *in camera* of the proprietors of the Watertown *Times* by the Governor and State Council of Defence for having criticised the conduct of the former.

Meanwhile that gentleman was preparing to call a special session of the Legislature. And preparatory to it there took place the other day a bye-election in Marathon County, wherein is the city of Wausau. This city is a point of concentration for the water-power and lumber interests. It belongs to a district which has an immemorial record for stalwartness. Yet it has, for the first time in the history of the State, returned a Socialist to the Assembly, with an unheard-of majority over the "loyal" candidate. When the "German" vote and all the other "local" factors have been counted, his majority is still so great that the cause even for the sportive political fancy must be sought elsewhere than in either of those two influences. In another region, a similar election returned a Democrat. The special session at which these men will sit will have to consider, among other things, a proposed law which will in effect give the Governor power to control what individuals or newspapers may say about him and his Administration. But the most important thing it will be called upon to do is to provide for a bond issue of one million dollars to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war. It is significant that the call allows the Legislature no discretion as to *how* the money is to be raised, and it is significant also that there are reports of alternative proposals, among them the persistent rumor of a State surtax on incomes exceeding $25,000.

Take it all in all, the political situation in Wisconsin is not atypical of that in the rest of the country. There is the complication of the difficult personality of La Follette, with the personal hates and enmities centring around it; but if it be remembered that this same difficult personality has for almost a generation been identified, in the State even more than in the country, with a very definite political and fiscal policy, the complication is dissolved. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, the tories took the saddle to ride the State to the wars. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, they seek to ride at the same time into political power and pecuniary profit. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, any resistance of labor, any dissenting utterance of the individual or press, became branded as "pro-German" and "disloyal." In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, the President's original inhibition of free discussion delivered the progressives into the hands of the tories. And in Wisconsin, as elsewhere, the hysterics of feeling and fancy which wars always breed reinforced the tory control and justified the terror. It did so the more easily because political liberalism had there been identified largely with the name of one man, and that man had by his uncontrolled utterances put himself under a not unnatural suspicion which further played into the hands of the tories. The results were also not unnatural. The tories overplayed their hand. As the evidence in the La Follette libel suits slowly trickles out to the public, his strength with the voters of the State appears to grow. At most twenty per cent. of these are "German," and many of the "German leaders" are among his bitterest enemies. There is no "pro-Germanism" in the sources of his strength. If a Senatorial contest were held to-day on a clean-cut issue of "pro-Germanism," anybody truly guilty of favoring the Germans would be overwhelmingly defeated. In politics, however, the actual meaning of "pro-German" may be "pro-excess-profits-tax" or "anti-universal military service" or "pacifist," and so on. At the base of La Follette's strength is the essentially "progressive" outlook of the great majority of the State's voters. Then there is the general impatience with the high-handedness of the State's "war Administration." Finally there is the general discontent of all consumers on wage or salary and of a large proportion of the labor world with the fiscal situation. Not so long ago liberals were afraid that we might come out of

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the war the most tory nation among the democratic allies. The political situation in Wisconsin may, for the present, at any rate, serve a little to mitigate this fear.

Postscript: Since this article was written the Wisconsin State Legislature has convened. It promptly passed the Wilcox Bond bill, to raise a million dollars by a surtax on annual incomes of over $15,000. The Governor as promptly vetoed the bill. Whether it can be passed over the Governor's veto has become doubtful, and for this reason: Mr. Phillip had asked of the Legislature action empowering him to appoint a United States Senator in the place of the late Senator Husting. Early in the session it became clear he would not get this power. Rather than face defeat on the issue, he withdrew his opposition to an election. This election, primaries and all, will be over within a month. Its imminence immediately complicated the situation.

For one thing, it made the personality and action of La Follette an issue. Prior to the convening of the Legislature, the factions of the Republican majority had held a caucus in which it was agreed to say nothing either for or against La Follette. But with the imminence of a political campaign and its implications the agreement, apparently, was only a scrap of paper. On February 21 the Assembly had rejected, by a vote of 76 to 15, a resolution denouncing La Follette. Between the 21st and the 27th, the certainty of a Senatorial campaign intervened. The Senate passed an anti-La Follette declaration. A local paper announces "sensational disclosures involving the use of money by profiteers to attack La Follette in Madison."

So the merry jig is on. There will be a bitter partisan fight over the Senatorship. Patriotism and loyalty will be dragged through the mud of politics to confuse the fundamental issue, which is—equitable taxation.

Pneumonia Among Soldiers and Civilians

By S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF

THE present winter season has been an unusually severe one, and the morbidity and mortality from pneumonia in army and civil life has been very high. Overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and an inadequate provision for trained nurses, which necessitated reliance on untrained orderlies, must be in part held responsible for veritable epidemics in some of the camps. Notwithstanding these untoward conditions, the death-rate has not been much above the average.

Dr. Rufus I. Cole and his co-workers of the Rockefeller Institute have made valuable contribution to our knowledge of the causes and treatment of pneumonia. Formerly we were of the belief that pneumonia was due to a single microorganism, known as the pneumococcus, but we now know that there are four distinct types of pneumonia-producing germs. Whatever its type, pneumonia should be treated as an infectious disease, whether it appears in isolated instances or as an epidemic, and all precautions to prevent its propagation should be taken. In considering these we must bear in mind that the disease develops from germs which have gained access to the body or from those which are usually present there, and that a considerable number of the germs and a certain susceptibility are requisite to produce disease. If the individual's resistance is much lowered, however, even a relatively small number of germs may get the upper hand and pneumonia will develop. The resistance may be lowered by privation, exposure to cold and wet, over-fatigue, the inhaling of vitiated air, and excesses of all kinds. The pneumococci normally present multiply and may even become virulent. The onset is usually a violent chill, followed within a few hours by intense agonizing pains in the side of the chest, a short, dry, and painful cough, accompanied by increasing difficulty in breathing and high fever. Cases of pneumonia which appear isolated here and there as a result of lowered resistance are constantly with us and are classified as endemic. When, because of certain climatic or atmospheric conditions, unsanitary housing, or great prevalence of measles or grippe, a large number of persons are simultaneously attacked by pneumonia, we are justified in considering the outbreak as epidemic.

Let us see what can be done to prevent the spread of pneumonia germs on the one hand and to heighten the resistance to the invasion of the disease on the other, in civil as well as in military life. Every soldier and every civilian should be instructed in the importance of holding his hand or handkerchief before his mouth when coughing or sneezing. This precaution should be particularly observed in times of grippe or pneumonia epidemics and in midwinter when there are many people suffering from colds and bronchitis. There should be affixed to the walls of all barracks a notice calling attention to the fact that promiscuous spitting and careless coughing and sneezing may cause the spread of colds, measles, whooping-cough, influenza, tuberculosis, perhaps also spinal meningitis, and pneumonia. The germs of pneumonia live longest in dark, badly ventilated bedrooms, barracks, or tents. Sunlight kills them within a few hours. Handkerchiefs and cloths which the patient has used should be burned. To prevent persons who are nursing a pneumonic patient from contracting the disease, they should wear face masks made of two layers of gauze, and the patient's bed should be screened in by thin washable material that will not deprive the patient of fresh air. All eating utensils used by the patient should be thoroughly sterilized.

Just as every military surgeon is now convinced that tent, company, and regimental contagion is a proved fact and tries to guard against it, so should all civilian authorities recognize that lobar pneumonia is an acute infectious and communicable disease, and physicians should help by reporting their cases as soon as diagnosis is made. In cooperation with the health authorities, they should at once institute all sanitary and hygienic measures to prevent the disease from spreading and becoming epidemic.

To reduce overcrowding and see that there is thorough ventilation in army quarters is, of course, the affair of the medical officer of the regiment. But the men sleeping in tents and barracks, or housed elsewhere, must bear in mind that they can also help about securing a good atmosphere to breathe. The air of a tent when heated by a stove becomes vitiated unless care is taken, and the smoke from pipes and cigarettes may be very injurious. Excessive smoking, especially of cigarettes when the smoke is inhaled, is apt to injure the respiratory system and make it more susceptible to disease, weaken the action of the heart, im-

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pair the function of the nervous system, and lessen the general efficiency. One who has never smoked would better not acquire the habit. To avoid droplet infection at night when the men are sleeping and cough unconsciously, it is well to insist upon the beds being so arranged that the heads and feet are placed alternately, the foot of one cot being next to the head of the adjacent one. If at all possible, the cots should be at least three feet apart. The dry sweeping of the floors is most unhygienic and even dangerous. Wet pieces of newspaper strewn on the floor will catch most of the dust and make the cleaning thorough and sanitary. The use of antiseptic mouth washes is a precaution that can be taken by the men.

Since the soldier's calling exposes him more than anybody else to the inclemency of the weather, severe cold and wet, extreme fatigue and over-exertion, we must strive all the more to protect him against the influence of these extremes. Besides proper underwear, woollen shirt, warm stockings, and fitting and substantial shoes, his outer garments must be of sufficiently tightly woven material and so fitted as really to protect him. In the making of uniforms of the future I would suggest a double lining in the back of the coat, for when a man contracts a chill, he usually feels it first in the back, and yet it is there that we have comparatively the least protection. In the meantime, however, we might manufacture suitable back-protectors for our soldiers in camps and cantonments. Trench life in winter is particularly hard, and the sooner we can give soldiers garments which will keep them warmer than they now are, the fewer will be the pneumonia cases.

In order that the pneumonia germs which we may have or acquire may not develop into disease, we should be impressed with the necessity of keeping in good trim. To lead a regular life as far as possible, and keep in good condition, drink plenty of pure water, and abstain from the use of alcohol, will materially increase resisting power. A man who is subject to colds is more sensitive to pneumonia than the man in normal health. There is no better known way to make one's self resistant to colds than the judicious use of cold water. Besides the use of cold water inside and outside, the deep breathing of fresh, good, and pure air whenever possible is of great importance to strengthen one's system against the invasion of pneumonia-producing germs.

Every soldier should be as familiar with the first symptoms of pneumonia as with the early symptoms of tuberculosis. If he is taken with a severe chill lasting fifteen minutes or longer, followed by headache and severe pain in the side, he should at once report himself ill and as soon as possible be sent to the hospital ward. A sudden attack of pneumonia should be equivalent to a serious accident in which the victim is not obliged to wait for sick call to report, but should ask for medical assistance at once. The patient should not try to walk to the hospital, but should ask to be taken there on a stretcher. All possible exertion should be avoided. The hospital sergeant on duty should see that the bed to which the patient is transferred is warmed before the patient goes into it, and even prior to the arrival of the physician some hot drink should be administered. If possible, a separate room should be chosen so that the patient may remain isolated; it should be well ventilated, and as long as the patient can have plenty of covering and a hot water-bag at his feet, the bed should be moved near the open window. If circumstances permit, the patient's bed can even be moved into the open air. All this can be done by an orderly under the direction of the hospital sergeant. On his arrival, the surgeon in charge will, of course, immediately proceed with the determination of the type of pneumococcus with which the patient is afflicted, give further directions for care, and institute the proper treatment. What has just been suggested for the unfortunate soldier can of course be done with greater facility in civilian life, but instead of asking for a stretcher the patient should insist upon being taken to his home or the hospital in an ambulance. An endeavor to walk home or even to ride in a sitting position when one is attacked with pneumonia makes conditions often much more serious.

Thanks to the work of Cole and his collaborators at the Rockefeller Institute, an anti-pneumococcic serum has been found which has proved most efficacious in many cases of pneumonia. In order that everything humanly possible may be done to spare our country great pneumonia epidemics, every large city and every State, after the example of New York city and New York State, should have laboratories prepared to examine sputum from patients suffering from lobar pneumonia and to distribute anti-pneumococcic serum. The experience with serum-therapy has already shown its life-saving powers, and a sufficient provision of this valuable product in case of threatened epidemics is sure to help in preventing and mastering the disease.

Pulmonary tuberculosis frequently develops after an attack of pneumonia. Among soldiers this development of tuberculosis is of course quite as frequent as among the civilian population. I have become a firm believer in the practice of treating every recovered pneumonic case for at least one or two months as if he had an incipient pulmonary tuberculosis, and it is my hope that the Government may see its way clear to provide institutional treatment for a few months in a suitable sanatorium for every recovered pneumonic soldier. A number of our patriotic philanthropists in various parts of the country have offered their summer homes to the Government for the treatment of convalescent patients. No special climatic advantages are necessary; pure air, quiet, and easy accessibility with ordinary sanitary equipment being all that is necessary for a home for the convalescent pneumonic. Since the germ of pneumonia dies in the sunlight within a few hours, those who offer their homes for the after-care of soldiers recovered from pneumonia need not fear that their homes will become infected. Will not more of our generous citizens come forward with similar offers of homes for convalescing soldiers? We may thus save hundreds of them from developing tuberculosis.

Contributors to this Issue

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Spanish Fiction in the United States

By RAMON JAEN

UP to the present time modern Spanish literature has been totally unknown in this country. The United States received the latest literary news from Scandinavia, Russia, Germany, and France, but of Spanish letters no one knew anything. But this ignorance is ceasing; the desire grows to know the spiritual life of Spain and of Spanish-American countries. Some one on this side of the water has said that the eagerness of Americans to learn Spanish arises from no other cause than the wish to trade with Castilian-speaking lands. Americans frequently exaggerate their own commercialism. Those who emphasize it in the present case do not know human nature. The last year or more has seen the translation in this country of several works by contemporary Spanish authors which are important, though few in number. Moreover, they are well selected and well translated. The persons concerned in the labor have given clear evidence that they were moved primarily by unselfish interest. For a good share of this enthusiasm Spaniards are indebted to William Dean Howells, who has long given expression to his liking for their fiction, and to John Garrett Underhill, who has done much in the field of drama.

So far in the present century, Spanish novelists have ably continued the splendid tradition that descended to them from the dawn of romanticism. And, by good fortune, quality has been joined to quantity. The strange thing is that, in an era of diffusion of tongues, they have not a wider reputation. The reason is evident, however. The marked individualism of Spain could not fail to leave its stamp on the native literature, and this peculiarity of spirit (contrasting so sharply with French fiction) constituted a barrier against expansion. But with its strong love of the native soil, Spanish literature gained unmistakable originality. Some critics would explain this lack of universality, this provincialism, on the ground that Spain is less a country where art is lovingly cherished and welcomed than a land of strong personalities, lacking in refined æsthetic sense, and always preferring the personal impulse to the canons of any theory or school. This assertion appears to me too categorical, but we may find in it something which serves to explain the persistence of the Spanish habit of thought, and the slight impress left on it by artistic novelties. Certain it is that these qualities, which taken together form such a personal character, have served to prevent Spanish art from being generally understood. Sympathy seems to me, therefore, the only, or at least the most efficacious, key to an appreciation of our novel.

One of the characteristics of Spain as conceived by outsiders is picturesqueness. This conception, unfortunately widespread, is a notion begotten in foreign lands, as our art from birth has been produced simply but sincerely by reactions received from nature. It is significant what an easy road contemporary Spanish painters have found into other countries. The same reason—picturesqueness—has directed the choice of authors and books which are intended to convey to foreigners an idea of the Spanish people and their life.

The first of a series of Spanish works selected for translation by an enterprising New York publisher is "La Barraca"* of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, the work which in a day made its author famous in all Spain, and afterward in France and Germany. In his early works Blasco Ibáñez was a vigorous regional novelist. Though his methods are reminiscent of Zola, he was always truly Spanish, or rather, true to his corner of Spain, which found in this native son a faithful and enthusiastic delineator. A demagogue by temperament, he tried, after a time, to incorporate into his novels the social preachments that he was wont to employ in journalism and on the stump, and from that moment his art declined, so that his later books ceased to be really novels, but were converted into pamphlets of radical political propaganda. All his works of this period display lack of sincerity, on account of the express subjection of the artistic element to *a priori* political conception. If these can be read with any interest, it is thanks to an admixture of the falsely picturesque which has given Ibáñez more celebrity abroad than Spaniards care to see. His latest novels show an improvement in method, but they are still far below the level of the first.

If there be any contemporary Spanish novelist who should be named in connection with the modern social revival in Spain, it is Don Benito Pérez Galdós. He is the writer whose novel "Gloria" and play "Electra"—to name only two of his works—have instilled into the hearts of Spaniards a desire to solve the problem of liberty of conscience. His case may, however, be regarded as exceptional; for even F. Caballero herself strove not for a new Spain, but for a religious Spain, flourishing under the shelter of the Catholic faith. There is, however, a group of writers who have steadily used their works as a medium to bring about national regeneration.

In view of all the conditions, it is especially important that translations from the Spanish be provided with introductions which shall serve as guides to the understanding of the books. They should furnish, first, a portrayal of the literary school within which the author develops his artistic personality; and, second, a reconstruction of the social atmosphere which surrounds the characters, so that, in this manner, the work, if it is regional, may be given a proper individuality, clearly distinguished from the other provinces of Spain. Perhaps the most important assertion made in Professor Snow's introduction to the translation of "La Barraca" is this: "A conception similar to that of 'the great American novel' would be impossible in Spain. No one writer can hope in a lifetime to master the psychology of more than one Spanish province, and that province specifically his own. . . . Spain, it must be remembered, is essentially a provincial land." That is true, Spain is a land of regions, but at the same time one must not forget the existence among Spaniards of a sentiment of unity, not only as a sovereign state (of which the greatest example offered in history is that of the United States at the present moment), but as a Spanish people, spiritually one; for under every local note lies an absolutely Hispanic element which typifies an Andalusian and a Galician alike, and distinguishes us from other peoples. For Spain, at least, the cause of this sentiment has not yet been scientifically explained, but the essential thing is that it exists and is an element powerful enough to make us believe in the possibility of a national fiction.

*The reader's attention may be called to the review of this work appearing on page 265 of this issue.

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Dedication

By HOWARD BUCK

LET us go quiet, clean,
The silver ways among;
Not singing what cannot be sung.
O never blow your bugles brave for me—
I am no hero-knight with courage keen,
Nor ever dream to be.
But stillness now—you will know what I mean,
You who have watched so long and tenderly;
Stillness as of the moon when clouds drift by,
Leaving a limitless sadness in the sky.

The husks of life are gone; only the corn
Waits for its golden grinding with the morn.

Correspondence

Carlyle and Dunscore Kirk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At page 67 of the second volume of Morley's Recollections I find this passage: "Thought of old Carlyle's speech to Edward Irving about Dunscore Church: "Christ dying on the Cross began the building of the church at Dunscore'!"

My recollection is that this statement of Carlyle was made to Emerson, not Irving. It must be nearly thirty-five years since I read it, and I have not the book or magazine at hand now to verify my recollection, but I have a strong impression that it was to Emerson on his visit to Carlyle at Ecclefechan about 1832 that Carlyle said, "Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder, that brought you and me together."

The phrase made a deep impression on my memory when I read it, and I should like to know if I am correct as to the person to whom and the circumstances under which it was said, and if Morley is mistaken. To Emerson coming thousands of miles across the ocean to visit a man whom he only knew by having seen some of his magazine articles, the sentence, "That brought you and me together," would be natural, but to Irving, who was practically a neighbor from infancy, and an intimate from youth up, it would not seem so likely a remark. JAMES BROWN

Chamberlain, So. Dak., February 9

A Sober Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished reading your "Gen. Pershing's Military Problem" to my dear wife while she is getting a meatless, wheatless, and sugarless dinner.

Whenever you write any more on that subject, you could well emphasize the fact that officers are being discharged—sent home, at any rate—for drunkenness. That's great good news. If there is any place where a drunken man is out of place, it is in command of soldiers. There are intelligence, courage, physical strength, and every other desirable quality in the make-up of the men who are volunteering nowadays. The brainy leaders will naturally come to the front across the water. If only on this side we can be sure that our selection of officers is fairly good, that is all we can hope for here; hard, actual service will very soon weed out the incompetent; and better men will take their places. But a man who drinks should never be commissioned. That great truth was not recognized in 1861-5 and has not the support even now that it should have.

I am watching with keenest interest the increase of our army. Universal conscription seems to be the method now in favor. But I have hoped that while conscription is announced and used, volunteering will yet be encouraged and the age limits extended. Boys of eighteen and men of thirty to forty make good soldiers. Conscripts and substitutes were almost all of them useless in 1864-5. The great throngs of soldiers that I see on the streets now are far superior in all soldierly qualities to any other soldiers I have ever seen; my memory goes back to the Mexican War, when we had the "toughest" crowd that I ever saw wearing blue.

I hope that the *Nation* will stand by Pershing in his effort to purge the army of "drunks." JOHN M. GOULD

Portland, Me., February 15

A Pacifist Dutch Dramatist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some months ago I informed one of my American literary friends that Mlle. Lya Berger, the interesting French poetess, and my cousin, Jean Louis Walch, the Dutch poet and dramatist, formerly correspondent in Holland of the *Mercure de France*, where he wrote the "Lettres Hollandaises," were going to collaborate on a book to be devoted to the female poets of Holland and Belgium. But the plan has been abandoned for the following reason:

Mr. Jean Louis Walch has given up every kind of literary work except dramatic, in which field he is beginning to have a marked success. His first play, "Judas Iscariot," was given a score of times in the Netherlands and some thirty times in our colonies. "Antithesis," which has to do with Socialism, materialism, and Catholicism, was well received at The Hague, and his latest piece, "The Supreme Law," which takes up Christian anarchy, Tolstoyism, non-resistance, and "Thou shalt not kill," and which was prohibited by the municipal authorities of The Hague, had a great success here in Amsterdam.

Though I do not at all share my cousin's Tolstoyan ideas, I must admit that I was much pleased with his play, which I saw twice. It is interesting, well put together, and very scenic. One of our best critics, the novelist Henry Borel, who, like myself, is quite opposed to everything of a Tolstoyan tendency, praised the piece in an article whose impartiality is to be commended.

Mr. Walch has just finished a pacifist play, "Christmas Eve," which I have read in manuscript and which he has asked me to translate into French, which invitation, however, I have had to decline for two good reasons. In the first place, all my time is taken up in anti-German propaganda, for, among other things, I am foreign secretary of the Dutch branch of our League of Neutral Nations. In the second place, I consider all pacifist work done outside of the Central Powers to be absolutely pernicious, espe-

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cially at this moment when an iron will is necessary to break down Prussian militarism and when we should seriously frown upon everything of a nature to distract our attention from this single aim, to which all our efforts, night and day, without truce or repose, should tend. My cousin is, however, very anti-Boche, and here at least we see eye to eye. But his Tolstoyan ideas, whose seductive beauty I am far from denying, do not take into account the terrible reality of the present situation.

GERARD WALCH

Amsterdam, Holland, January 2

Singing Leaves

By O. W. FIRKINS

Poems of Earth's Meaning. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Poems of H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Grenstone Poems. By Witter Bynner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

Portraits and Protests. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

The Testament of William Windune. By J. H. Wallis. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.

Jordan Farms. By F. R. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.

Neighbors of Yesterday. By Jeanne Robert Foster. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Nancy K. Foster. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.

Loves and Losses of Pierrot. By William Griffith. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1 net.

RICHARD BURTON'S new volume belongs to that interior kind of verse in which the spirit becomes its own guest and listener. They are "poems of earth's meaning," and they remind us feelingly of the fact that the earth and the world are two different planets. The objective life is present as hawk or hound might be present in a studious chamber through their counterparts woven in the noiseless arras. Landscape is more nearly felt, because through landscape in our day the spirit rejoins and retrieves itself, and possibly the most winning poems are those which paint Nature in her faithfulness—I had almost said her wifehood—to the human soul. These are poems of approximation, of union, of consent—or *concent* in the old Miltonic sense—even where, as in the yearning and tender requiem for Arthur Upson, they are also poems of farewell.

Mr. Burton's diction, always plentiful, soft, and light, is scattered like a fine down over the poems, with the result possibly that the thought is *down-shod,* and its footfall is not always reverberant. I find that some of the sterner lyrics impress my memory more lastingly than their gentler brethren. An example is "Human":

> Weighed down by grief, o'erborne by deep despair,
> She lifted up white arms to heaven and prayed
> That day for death; she made a mighty prayer
> Beside her dear one gently to be laid.
> And standing thus, it flashed across her mind
> How she must make a seemly silhouette
> Against the sky, her figure sharply lined
> Against the westering sunset, black as jet.

The poem itself is darkly but distinctly silhouetted against the author's habitual faith and tenderness. The verses commonly exhale a brave optimism, but optimism, when brave, is already a little sad, and the light they emit is cheerful, yet melancholy in its cheer, like the ray of a taper in the gloom. The usual mood is trustful rather than hopeful, but true blitheness is reached in the springing canticle:

> Darkness and doubt and despair
> Vanish, at touch of the May!
> Song? It inhabits the air;
> Love? It bewitches the way.

Charles Warren Stoddard, who died in 1909, is a poet whom the future is likely to stint, if not to starve, for no better reason than that his press output in verse is meagre, and that he has fathered no poem that is separately memorable. Yet his gift seems to me rare and high. He discloses that measure in opulence, that precision in sumptuosity, that reserve in splendor, which, still further intensified, made Tennyson the sorcerer of his age. His verses seem clad in bright mail. Not strictly modern, in the modern misuse of that rapidly cheapening word, he is furnished in his Orientalism with a means of eluding, if not solving, the problem of modernity. The Orient has drawn near to us in the last twenty-five years, and its minstrels—even its Occidental minstrels—follow in its retinue. Note the "pride and ample pinion" of the opening stanza of the poem on the San Gabriel Mission:

> Thine was the corn and the wine,
> The blood of the grape that nourished;
> The blossom and fruit of the vine
> That was heralded far away.
> These were thy gifts; and thine,
> When the wine and the fig-tree flourished,
> The promise of peace and of glad increase
> Forever and ever and aye.
> What then wert thou, and what art now?
> Answer me, O, I pray!

The luxury of Mr. Stoddard's verse is qualified by something sound and sanative, something that knows how to be strongly masculine without being oppressively male. I regret that I may not cite "In Vacation" for the lustrous precision of its descriptive strokes and "Utopia" for the mingled dreaminess and playfulness which religious meditation takes on in the ardors and languors of a South Sea isle.

Fame is unkind, even unjust, to American poets of grades below the first; the demesnes go to the firstborn, and I suspect that H. C. Bunner's "having" in repute is scarcely more than a "younger brother's revenue." Yet his ability was wide, and his quality sometimes fine. His grace of style had a fashion at times of rising from grace almost to distinction; his views of city life are deftly caught, if not always firmly held; his mimicry is consummate; and humor and sentiment—two several forms of *playing* with the world—dapple his pages with their sprightly interchange. As to humor, the future may ask the poet Hamlet's question, "Where be now thy gibes?" and Mr. Bunner will not be the first, or the worst, of the Yoricks whom their brother satirist Death has transfixed with his unanswerable sarcasm. Sentiment is an equally frail dependence. Sentiment adopts a part, in a word, is histrionic, and Mr. Bun-

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ner suffers from the actor's liability to forget his lines, and to confess the lapse by the mediocrity of his impromptus. Rarely, as in "Betrothed," an acrid note is audible amid the softness, suggestive of the malice lurking here and there in meridional climates world-famous for their salubrity. Compensation is offered in personal and patriotic poems of that gentlemanly and estimable sort which our fathers, in the wisdom of their innocence, enjoyed.

Mr. Bunner perhaps lacks a fee-simple in Parnassus. Even in "Shriven," an admirable poem, the most notable to my mind in the book, a clientage to Browning is imaginable. "Shriven" is too long to quote, and I content myself with the grace and sweetness of "Dead in Bohemia," a poem on Irwin Russell:

> Small was thy share of all this world's delight,
> And scant thy poet's crown of flowers of praise;
> Yet ever catches quaint of quaint old days
> Thou sang'st, and, singing, kept thy spirit bright
> Even as to lips the winds of winter bite
> Some outcast wanderer sets his flute and plays
> Till at his feet blossom the icy ways,
> And from the snow-drift's bitter wasting white
> He hears the uprising carol of the lark,
> Soaring from clover seas with Summer ripe—
> While freeze upon his cheek glad, foolish tears.
> Ah! let us hope that somewhere in thy dark
> Herrick's full note, and Suckling's pleasant pipe
> Are sounding still their solace in thine ears.

Mr. Witter Bynner is a problem to the critic; he piques, he vexes, he disturbs. Measured not by mere bulk, but by bulk and concision jointly, "Grenstone Poems" is impressive by the sheer volume of its psychology. In a sense, all that Mr. Bynner gives is kernel. Each poem is a shot at truth; the thought is single, the expression spare. He is effective in description beyond his real power to see, because his method isolates the descriptive touch, and the solitude of that touch is its power. So good a method would almost carry off dulness, if dulness had the wit to know its virtue. Mr. Bynner is not dull; on the contrary, it is his very nimbleness that wakens disquiet. His specialty is connoisseurship in things spiritual, but I am forced to ask myself if any man could, in a limited period, have traversed with his spirit the territory Mr. Bynner has so fleetly covered with his mind. Must not the thing have been done in rehearsal or symbol like those tiny Blenheims and Oudenardes which Uncle Toby piously transacted in the mimic terrain of his sunny garden? I feel a *snugness* at the core of all this travail. When I listen for the shriek of the gale in the rigging, I am solaced by the purr of the kettle on the hob. Somehow I miss the needed depth of tone. The want is felt in words like:

> Each of love's lovely words but makes the rest
> The lovelier—till all are loveliest,

an utterance which is nonsense apart from that stress of passion which would authorize, if not authenticate, the word.

Sometimes he both quickens and fatigues. A frivolous word-play may suggest the truth: Mr. Bynner is trying (adjective) because he is trying (verb). In single strokes he quite wins us, as in:

> Some of love's words I missed when I was near—
> I must be far from them, to hear them clear.

The task of judging him is further perplexed by the fact that at moments—somewhat rare moments—his lyric is alive.

> She has a thousand presences,
> As surely seen and heard
> As birds that hide behind a leaf
> Or leaves that hide a bird.

The lines are warm as a nest, and for their sake alone one would part with Mr. Bynner in amity.

In the first and larger part of Miss Cleghorn's "Portraits and Protests" there is honest observation, both feminine and womanly in type and a generous and ample, if somewhat measured, music. But the motives do not excite me. They may be estimable, but they lack interest; they have lain too long in the drawer. In her "Protests," on the other hand, the poetry is questionable, or escapes question only by the totality of its eclipse. It is a patient world to which Miss Cleghorn feels that she can securely proffer a line like "A shop for damaged manhood's skilled repair." But the motives have acquired incisiveness. An unqualified repudiation of the war at the present moment has the impressiveness of a hush between explosives, and its courage will be admired by the generous dissenter. In "The Poltroon" the doctrine of the "other cheek" is preached with an energy which must strike its antagonists almost like a buffet in the face. In sum, Miss Cleghorn, judged by the present work, is a woman of character and brain who is not quite poet enough to command *at the same moment* artistic form and power of conception.

Mr. J. H. Wallis would be glad to give the world a new Villon, and the world would be only too glad to take the gift from any source. I think it would concede to Mr. Wallis robberies *ad libitum* and even a few judicious homicides in return for another "Ballade des Dames" or "Grand Testament." All things concur except nature, but the veto of nature is insuperable. Mr. Wallis simply does not possess the Villonesque faculty of enriching and sublimating the grewsome. He is master of a gayly tripping, deftly wheeling stanza, and he catches Death adroitly enough in the mesh of his sententious rhetoric—Death has always been the friend of rhetoricians. Mr. Wallis wearies me a little by his emphasis on mortality. Burial should be single and final; I repine at chronic self-interment. After all, the situation has its assuagements; the living are glad to live, and the dead are content with death. If life fears death, one might retort possibly that virginity fears marriage. Mr. Wallis has talent enough; if he would drop his death's-head masque, and consent to be like other people or—what amounts to perhaps the same thing—like himself, I think his lyre might not be untuneful.

"Jordan Farms," a novel in verse, of the sensationally edifying school, is fortunate in some clearly touched landscapes.

The hard-featured pastorals of Jeanne Robert Foster ("Neighbors of Yesterday") win a measure of respect through precision and sympathy. They have both an apt and an inapt crudity, and the versification is mainly a grace from the printer.

The verse of Nancy K. Foster in "Sonnets and Lyrics" is bodiless, but not unattractive; if it be feather, it is also plume.

Mr. Griffith's "Loves and Losses of Pierrot" has touches of the flower-bell and moth-wing variety which are little short of exquisite.

> When she came back, my heart had found
> The secret spring.
> The gates of heaven made no sound,
> In opening.

The felicity is quick to pass. The closing of the gates of heaven is as punctual as their opening is noiseless.

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BOOKS

Two Novels from the Spanish

The Cabin. By V. Blasco Ibáñez. Translated from the Spanish by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The City of the Discreet. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE "Anglo-Saxon" world is becoming more and more clearly aware that its own soul is far more closely akin to that of the Latin world than it has ever suspected. Some day we shall be found priding ourselves on what we have so quaintly chosen to ignore—the strong infusion of Latin blood that from the beginnings of our racial consciousness has been leavening the Saxon lump. How should we make headway towards universal brotherhood if we did not first draw near to our blood brothers? If war is quickly bridging the gap between the people of Molière and the people of Shakespeare, the conditions of a stable peace in this half of the world at least will hang upon a rapprochement between the two Americas: above all, the people of Mark Twain must cease to despise the people of Cervantes or their kinsmen on this side of the water. The third volume of the present series is to be the "Martin Rivas" of Alberto Blest-Gana, whom Chilians hold to be not only their best novelist and a Western Balzac, but the greatest of American story-tellers.

Blasco Ibáñez, an ardent worker for the future of Spain in the Cortes as elsewhere, is in fiction a painter of his own Valencia. "Local color" is here because it is the color of the life he knows best; otherwise it is of no moment to him. In the ignorant and bigoted individualism of his fellow-provincials he perceives the stunted soul of Spain, beset by old vices, old superstitions, old savageries. Several of his novels, according to Dr. Snow, are plainly the utterances of "an intellectual anarchist," pieces of propaganda. Nevertheless, there is no didacticism in "The Cabin," however sombre its portrayal of social and industrial conditions among the Valencian peasantry. In form it is simple and restrained to the verge of bareness. Its method is that of realism in the higher sense; it lays before us without comment a living scene, which seems to interpret itself, but is really interpreted by the artist's imagination. The setting is the great plain about the city of Valencia, the persons are a little community or *huerta* of farmers and truck-gardeners. Most of these families have owned or rented their irrigated fields for generations. They have their settled local ways and prejudices, a working degree of toleration, at least, for one another, and a distrust of outsiders. Into their midst comes a poor man, Batiste, a well-intentioned and hard-working stranger. The cabin with its little holding has been long unoccupied; the neighborhood has a sort of unspoken agreement that it shall remain so. Batiste refuses to be shouldered out, and the skill and industry with which he sets about restoring the half-ruined farm is a further offence to his easy-going neighbors, especially to one Pimentó, the chief sluggard and bully of the *huerta*. Thereupon follows a long struggle, the end of which is never in doubt. Batiste is more than a match for any of his neighbors, but hopelessly pitted against all of them. Gradually by their mute unfriendliness or their sly persecution of his family they wear down the endurance of the strong man. At last, he turns desperately in defence of his own. His moment of vengeance must be atoned for. He has disposed of his chief enemy; but in the night the hostile *huerta* silently retorts by setting fire to the cabin on all sides. The family barely escape alive. One of the children runs about trying to rouse the neighborhood to help: "The father smiled cruelly. He was calling in vain. The *huerta* was deaf to them. There were eyes within those white farmhouses, which looked curiously out through the cracks; perhaps there were mouths which laughed with infernal glee, but not one generous voice to say 'Here I am!' . . . Bread! At what cost it is earned! And how evil it makes man!"

It is plain that the feeling at the bottom of this story is against not merely the narrowness and ignorance of the Valencian peasants, but the conditions which maintain or tolerate the peasant type anywhere in the modern world. Ibáñez believes, says the translator, that these conditions may be changed, and will be changed, by "education and the inculcation of the modern ideal, Fraternity." The author of "The City of the Discreet," Pio de Baroja, can be connected with no special creed or school. His work, which, like that of Ibañez, began with this century, shows a remarkable range in theme and treatment. The Basque country is his special field, but he has not tied himself to it. He has written realistic sketches of Basque life, novels of whimsy, studies of modern social organization, stories of place. To the last-named order belongs the present book. It sets forth with an extraordinary vividness of detail the topography of Cordova and what may be called the external character of the Andalusian people. For the rest, its atmosphere is satirical. In its central figure, Quentin Roélas, is embodied, no doubt, a type of modern Spanish youth. Quentin is the fruit of a chance amour between a nobleman and an inn-keeper's daughter. The mother provides him with a step-father, a respectable tradesman. Under the patronage of his noble grandfather he receives an English public-school and university education. He returns to Cordova more than half-contemptuous of his country, but with vague dreams of distinguishing himself there. After some gropings towards virtue and industry and disinterested love, he flings all to the winds and becomes a brilliant and reckless *viveur*. Later he takes a hand in a revolutionary movement, for the adventure of it; and, forced to fly from Cordova, steals some money from his chief friend (a bandit) and makes his way to Madrid, where he settles down to work and presently becomes a great man. The final chapter gives a glimpse of him, six years after his abandonment of "the city of the discreet," a man looking with disillusionment and bitterness upon the hollow thing success, understanding at last that he has thrown away his birthright to happiness and love and the esteem of his fellows, for nothing. In short, he has proved himself one of those Andalusians whom in youth he had so mercilessly analyzed. Under their romantic exterior, he has declared, they are "pure prose. There is more romance in the head of one Englishman than in the heads of ten Spaniards, especially if those Spaniards are Andalusians. They are very discreet. . . . A great deal of eloquence, a lot of enthusiastic and impetuous talk, a great deal of flourish; a superficial aspect of ingenuous and candid confusion; but back of it all a sure, straight line. Men and women;—most discreet. Believe me! There is exaltation without and coldness within."

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German Prison Camps

The Prisoner of War in Germany. By Daniel J. McCarthy, M.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

THIS is a singularly disappointing book. Not because of any lack of fairness; Dr. McCarthy shows throughout his desire to be just and to restrain his language when he speaks of certain camp horrors that truly cry out to high heaven for redress. The difficulty is the author's lack of ability to portray what he saw. No man could have a more moving and touching story to tell than this of the nearly two million prisoners in Germany, their sufferings, their hopes, their wrongs, the good and the dark sides of their tragedy. Yet one lays down this too calm and too formal statement with genuine disappointment.

As a technical report it is excellent; future historians will find in it a valuable record of the systems used and of the inspections made by Dr. McCarthy and others from the American Embassy who brought redress and amelioration to multitudes from whom hope had fled. But it is really not of the prisoner of war of whom Dr. McCarthy writes, but of the technique of the camps, the mode of their government, the clash of German authority that frequently prevented the rectification of evils, the good and bad camps, the routine of life, etc. It is as if he had drawn the skeleton and left to others the task of supplying the flesh and blood and of portraying the really vivid human side. Even then the book is marred by the constant misspelling of German names—even of camps and newspapers—and poor proofreading, to say nothing of grammatical slips—which is all explained by the publishers as being due to the author's absence in Russia while the book was in press.

In the main, Dr. McCarthy speaks well of the camps, particularly those used for officers. "With one or two exceptions," he says, "all of these [officer] camps are now satisfactory, and, considering conditions, no reasonable complaint can be found." The civilian camps, too, the famous Ruhleben included, he does not find so very bad. But when it comes to the camps for the ordinary soldiers the story is far different. Much depended upon the individual commander. If he was of the brutal Prussian martinet type, the whole place was brutal; if he was just and kindly, the entire camp responded and the prisoners showed their appreciation. The contrast Dr. McCarthy records between camps like those at Soltau, Dutmen Wahn, and Wunsdorf and those at Minden, Limburg, Wittenberg, and Schneidemühl "was the difference between day and night, between heaven, relatively, and hell, absolutely." Between the extremes were others where conditions were neither good nor very bad.

As for Wittenberg, that horrible plague camp, it is an indictment of German *Kultur* so terrible that Germans for years to come will blush for it as we of America have blushed for the horrors of Libby and Andersonville. But Wittenberg is an atrocity far exceeding the worst of our Civil War records. For it existed in 1914-16 and not in 1863; medical science had progressed fifty years, and there was supposedly the ever-boasted German efficiency at Wittenberg. Heaven save the word! Hottentots could not have done much worse. Dr. McCarthy draws a picture so terrible as to sicken one in the reading. Yet he makes no effort at effect, and he lets off the German medical profession easily when he speaks of these typhus camps as a "blot upon the escutcheon of the German medical profession." It is something far worse than that, and if the truth ever comes home to the German people, somebody will surely be made to pay for so fearful a record. Altogether one does not get such a wonderful picture of German efficiency; there is evidence that the 100 per cent. perfection outsiders hear of is far from the truth.

One of the most valuable portions of Dr. McCarthy's volume deals with the prisoners who are at work on the farms, along the canals, and in the mines. Their lot seems far more endurable than that of those in the camps, and it is pleasant to read that friendly relations were speedily established between the peasant farmers and their foreign laborers. But many prisoners condemn themselves to the torture of the idleness and monotony and unutterable dulness of the camps rather than strengthen the enemy by working for them.

When this war is over, if it can be done, Dr. McCarthy's volume ought to be placed in every library in Germany to aid in the good work of letting the German people know some truths about their management of the war.

The American Way of Thinking

The Warren-Adams Letters. Being chiefly a correspondence among John Adams, Samuel Adams, and James Warren. Vol. I. 1743–1777. Boston: The Massachusetts Historical Society.

The American Revolution. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. New edition. Vol. III. Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

THE present war should make it clear, if anything could, that historians miss something by confining their interest to "what actually happened"—or at least to a too narrow definition of what actually happened. It would have been possible four years ago to write in great detail, along strictly conventional lines, what the "trained and scientific historian" would have pronounced an excellent history of modern Germany, and still to miss the very thing which every one now knows, and which every one knows to be precisely the most important thing about modern Germany. This important thing is what has been well described as "the specifically German way of thinking and feeling." Apart from this "specifically German way of thinking and feeling," the war ceases to be an intelligible event, even with the aid of no matter what knowledge of "political and economic conditions." Thinking and feeling are after all the immediate springs of action; and if historians should pay more attention to these psychic factors than they have done, many events hitherto thought to be "definitively" known would be found after all intelligible, and perhaps interesting.

One of these events is the American Revolution, which might be accurately enough described as a conflict between a "specifically American" and a "specifically English" way of thinking and feeling. Nevertheless, although the American Revolution has been long studied and many times written about, the first historian to make much of these different ways of thinking and feeling, the first historian at all events who has effectively described and contrasted these incommensurable and mutually repellent states of mind is Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who has but now, with the revision of the third volume, brought his great work to completion. Of all histories of the American Revolution, Trevelyan's is

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the one that best repays careful study. No doubt there are some things in it to which, as the critic says, "exceptions may be taken." So much the better, if the things to which exceptions may be taken were worth noting in the first place; for a book to which no exceptions may be taken is commonly a book of unimpeachable facts, a book from which ideas have been carefully excluded. Trevelyan's book is full of ideas—often just ideas, sometimes illuminating, occasionally, no doubt, exceptionable. However that may be, nothing goes deeper, in the way of furnishing an explanation of the forces that drove the colonists into rebellion, than do those passages in which the author has described and contrasted the habitual ways of thinking and feeling of the governing classes in the two countries—as revealed, for example, in the letters of Lord North and of Washington, or in the last Journal of Horace Walpole and the Diary of John Adams.

To discover the secret springs of thinking and feeling, one has to study the conduct and the speech of individuals; and the American Revolution offers a golden opportunity for studies of this kind. Of course the "Lives and Times" of all the Fathers have been written. But these books are mostly little histories of events presented so as to show the "notable part" which the hero took in them. We learn what the hero did under certain circumstances, or what his "attitude" was on certain questions. All this is something, it is even a great deal; but it is not enough. You feel that you have met these men at a public function, and you wonder idly what an intimate acquaintance might prove them to be like. The biographies have done for Samuel Adams what the artist Copley did for him. The artist chose to represent him on a dramatic occasion, standing erect, with mouth firm set, pointing with admonitory finger to the charter of Massachusetts Bay. A different effect would have been produced if Adams had been placed, according to John Adams's description, in Tom Dawes's garret, dimly seen through tobacco smoke, sitting, with coat off, drinking flip in the midst of "Uncle Story, Cooper, . . . and a *rudis indigestaque moles*." What we ask of the biographer is a more sympathetic and penetrating insight into that state of mind which enabled Samuel Adams, with good conscience, to neglect his business and leave the clothing of his children to his wife, in order that he might himself sit in Tom Dawes's garret.

John Adams wasted no time in Tom Dawes's garret. But his way of thinking is even better worth study, while the materials for such a study are more abundant and satisfactory. He laid bare the secret workings of his mind and heart as few men have done. It is all there, in the Diary and the letters; and now we have to thank Mr. W. C. Ford and the Massachusetts Historical Society for new letters to add to the old; letters which are extremely valuable for the light they throw upon the workings of this extraordinarily interesting mind. For example, any one who should attempt to estimate the influence of classical ideals—pseudo-classical, no doubt—upon the thinking and feeling of the revolutionary era, would need to ask himself what precisely was the state of mind that prompted such a statement as this: "When Demosthenes (God forgive the vanity of recollecting his example!) went ambassador from Athens to the other states of Greece, to excite a confederacy against Philip, he did not go to propose a Non-Importation or Non-Consumption Agreement!!!" Such a student would need to ask himself how far Adams thought of his countrymen as reënacting on a new stage the classic struggle between the forces of light and darkness, how far he learned from Demosthenes and Cicero the part which men of virtue must play in all such epochal conflicts.

The idea of "virtue" obtrudes itself ostentatiously in the thinking of the eighteenth century. To be thought a "man of virtue" was as much as any one could reasonably aspire to; and it was well understood by all who knew their Montesquieu that a republic, that best but most difficult form of human association, could endure only where virtue was the distinguishing characteristic of the people. To aim at founding a durable republic was therefore to aim in some measure at Utopia, to presuppose a certain moral regeneration. No doubt this "virtue" was nothing but an idealization of Greece and Rome—and of a Greece and Rome which never existed in fact, but only in the pages of Plutarch and in the fertile imagination of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, it was thus that John Adams, and many another, in imagination reconstructing a virtuous Roman republic, raised what Mr. Lecky calls a "mere money dispute" to the level of a cosmic event. John Adams was not thinking of a "mere money dispute" when he wrote the following:

> There must be a positive passion for the public good . . . established in the minds of the people, or there can be no republican government, nor any real liberty. . . . Is there a nation in the world which deserves this character? There have been several, but they are no more. Our dear Americans perhaps have as much of it as any nation now existing, and New England perhaps has more than the rest of America. But I have seen all along my life such selfishness and littleness, even in New England, that I sometimes tremble to think that, although we are engaged in the best cause that ever employed the human heart, yet the prospect for success is doubtful, not for want of power or of wisdom, but of virtue.

This "best cause" was one which involved nothing less than the future of humanity; and John Adams was endeavoring to place himself, as he says elsewhere, in the company of that "mighty line of heroes and confessors and martyrs who since the beginning of history have done battle for the dignity and happiness of human nature against the leagued assailants of both."

This "specifically Adams way of thinking and feeling," so prevalent in America and in France, was something which left the pragmatic British mind cold and hostile; and of all the points of difference between Britain and the colonies in that age, this one was the most difficult to deal with.

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A Hasty Glance at Austria-Hungary

Austria-Hungary: The Polyglot Empire. By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3 net.

HERR VON SCHIERBRAND'S volume possesses certain merits. It is readable, timely, and animated by liberal sentiments. Moreover, it has the negative merit of not being conclusive and prophetic. The reader is left to reconcile, as best he may, the bits of information—disjointed, repetitious, sometimes contradictory, and often inaccurate—scattered through its unsystematic pages. All this refers to the political, historical, and economic portions. The gossip which plays so large a part in nearly all modern books on Austria is wholly irresponsible and in the nature of downright padding. Were it not for the appearance of a few French works of exceptional merit—such as Prof. Bertrand Auerbach's "Les Races et les Nationalités en Autriche-Hongrie"—one might be tempted to say that the dictum of the historian Johannes von Müller, "It is impossible to write a serious book in Vienna," still held true. Herr von Schierbrand's unusual opportunities in the Austrian capital have certainly not been turned to the best account.

The author likes the Austrians, and there is something of the comfortable philosophy of the average Viennese in his political views. He sees the good even in the interminable clashes between the Czechs and the Germans of Bohemia. They have led to the establishment of excellent separate institutions of learning in Prague, and so they "certainly demonstrate that race hatred and race rivalry may also lead, as a by-product, if I may say so, to admirable and very tangible results." Yet Herr von Schierbrand can sympathize with the *Urwiener*, who is "powerfully shocked" as he sees his native town, "once the greatest centre of Germanic civilization, rapidly becoming the greatest rampart of Slavicism." He has picked up in Vienna a great deal of loose talk about the archdukes, and he reports it faithfully. The late Francis Ferdinand, though "severe, harsh, brusque," was "just the man, in a word, that the decrepit monarchy needed to be set up once more." A few pages further on we are told that "the life plan of this remarkable man, even if it had been carried out in the teeth of a determined Hungarian antagonism, would not have solved the race problem definitely." Probably not; but remarkable the archduke certainly was—if Herr von Schierbrand's account of his linguistic attainments may be trusted. "He had not only mastered Czech completely, but had written much in that difficult tongue," and in addition to having "possessed himself of a familiar knowledge of the other Slav tongues spoken in Austria-Hungary," spoke perfectly the "Serbo-Croatian language." That redoubtable warrior, Archduke Frederick, is another remarkable man, for while he won no battles, "everywhere his discrimination (in putting Magyar, Teuton, and Slav soldiers on the right front) was of the utmost value." Still, Herr von Schierbrand is no blind worshipper of royalty. Thus the venerable Archduke "Carl Ludwig" has, in his opinion, "not only shown himself all through life scarcely better than an idiot, but also morally a defective." Too true, alas! but not true of "Carl Ludwig," the deceased father of Francis Ferdinand, a gentleman of always correct behavior, but of Francis Joseph's youngest brother, Ludwig Viktor. Such looseness of description applies also to inanimate things. Thus the Vienna House of Parliament is spoken of as a "transcendently stately pile"; the chauvinistic propaganda of the Magyars becomes a "marvellous success"; and the spreading of their language, "intrinsically among the most difficult to learn in the universe, and one which sixty years ago had not even the beginnings of a literature, is among the most astounding things recorded in the nineteenth century." Herr von Schierbrand will probably be surprised to learn that in Arany, Vörösmarty, and Petöfi Hungarian literature had already passed its zenith more than sixty years ago. But chronological accuracy is not one of the author's virtues, as witness the curious juxtaposition of Maria Theresa and Beethoven in the following passage: "Not even Maria Theresa, not even her talented son, the semi-Frenchman, Joseph II, showed any interest in the golden age of German music (Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart, etc.) or German poetry (Schiller, Goethe, Lessing)."

It would scarcely be worth while to speak at length of such details if Herr von Schierbrand's loose way of writing were not also characteristic of his treatment of more serious topics.

Notes

THE John C. Winston Company announces for publication on March 15 "The Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian," by Samuel W. Pennypacker.

Among the March publications of the John Lane Company are: "The Father of a Soldier," by W. J. Dawson; "The Glory of the Trenches: An Interpretation of War," by Lieut. Coningsby Dawson; "The Romance of Commerce," by H. G. Selfridge.

D. Appleton & Company announce for publication in the immediate future: "The War Cache," by W. Douglas Newton; "American Women and the World War," by Ida Clyde Clarke; "The American Year Book," edited by Francis G. Wickware; "The Great Sioux Trail," by Joseph A. Altsheler; "Wheatless and Meatless Days," by Pauline Dunwell Partridge and Hester Martin Conklin; "Manual of Military Map Making and Reading," by Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hutchinson and Capt. A. J. MacElroy.

The forthcoming publications of Harper & Brothers are announced as follows: "A Flying Fighter," by Lieut. E. M. Roberts; "The Road that Led Home," by Will E. Ingersoll; "Long Ever Ago," by Rupert Hughes; and "Skinner's Big Idea," by Henry Irving Dodge.

On March 14 Houghton Mifflin Company will publish the following volumes: "On the Stairs," by Henry B. Fuller; "In the Heart of German Intrigue," by Demetra Vaka; "Serbia Crucified," by Lieut. M. Krunich; "Creating Capital," by Frederick L. Lipman; and "Higher Education and Business Standards," by Willard E. Hotchkiss.

THE present interest in Polish matters will be stimulated by Prof. George Rapall Noyes's English version of Adam Mickiewicz's famous epic, "Pan Tadeusz" (Dutton; $2.25 net). Professor Noyes was well advised in disregarding the precedent set by Miss Maude Ashurst Biggs in her blank-verse rendering of the rhymed original, whose idyllic charm, emotional fervor, and Cervantesque humor can be fully enjoyed only by those familiar with the poet's own language. Meritorious as her attempt was, she could not hope to tri-

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umph where even the more graceful and poetic Charles de Noire-Isle, in his rhymed "Monsieur Thadée," had been baffled. Frenchmen, as a rule, wisely give only prose versions of foreign verse, and in doing so their polished tongue, which allows of a careful balancing of literalness and idiomatic elegance, serves them admirably. On the whole, the best idea of the beauties of a work which has been termed the greatest epic of modern times can still be obtained from Ostrowski's prose "Thadée Soplitza," which even the hardened novel-reader may enjoy for its smooth flow of French and its comparative freedom form archaic forms and uncouth appellations. Professor Noyes's scholarly conscientiousness has led him to preserve some of these in the text, which adheres closely to the original, but his version, on the whole, is entitled to the fullest praise. He has modestly refrained from any hint of the difficulties encountered in the task of giving English prose equivalents for Mickiewicz's noble verse. The tale of Polish life in Lithuania, at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, as interpreted by Professor Noyes, will please the discriminating reader.

A CONVENIENT compilation of President Wilson's most notable addresses and state papers covering the period from March 5, 1917, to January 8, 1918, is "In Our First Year of War" (Harpers; $1 net). Made up mostly of public addresses, it yet contains such documents as the conscription proclamation and the statement on taking over the railroads. Beginning with the Second Inaugural, the reader will be able to trace through such speeches as the Flag Day address, the reply to the Pope, the appeals to business men and labor, down to the peace-terms pronouncement of January 8 last, the development of the President's thought, as well as its adjustment to changing international conditions and varying states of public opinion. The thoughtful student of these papers will admire both Mr. Wilson's intellectual flexibility and his marvellous skill in phrasing the thought of the common man; and at the same time will recognize his ability to sense the currents of popular feeling in such a way as to make himself the acknowledged spokesman of the democratic movement. The patriotic American and lover of freedom will be confirmed in his faith by the nobility of the ideals so felicitously expressed. For the sake of more adequate historical perspective, it is to be regretted that the publishers did not include the international parts of the first three annual addresses and the address to the Senate of January 22, 1917.

AN exceedingly interesting little book, containing, in compact space, a vast amount of specific information about the various independent dramatic movements in this country, is "The Insurgent Theatre," of Thomas H. Dickinson (B. W. Huebsch; $1.25). "Insurgent" is perhaps a somewhat misleading word, as it implies a sort of confederation and unity of purpose which unfortunately does not exist. But the author is justified in insisting upon the significance of such a general manifestation of intelligent popular discontent with existing theatrical conditions and zeal to work for their improvement. It may be doubted whether what has been actually accomplished fully justifies his enthusiastic hopes of the future. His record of the productions of every type of drama made on these minor stages during the last decade or so is no doubt impressive; the variety and amount of artistic talent, trained or raw, expended upon them must have been very large. There has been a great sowing of seed, but what about the harvest? It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that his summaries of the activities of the most notable societies consist largely of apologies for the absence of satisfactory and tangible results. The effect of such success as was achieved, in short, was ephemeral and local. The different schools of dramatic teaching in the universities must sooner or later prove beneficial to the theatre, by virtue of their literary, artistic, and technical ideals, but will not exercise much direct influence until they provide a body of graduated players and artists to put those ideals into practical operation. Mr. Dickinson is eminently right in his insistence upon the necessity incumbent upon amateur enthusiasts to profit by the business acumen and experience of the commercial manager. He is sound also with regard to the general futility of subsidies. In discussing the organization of audiences he is on dangerous ground. That means specialization which, unless it refers to the best work of every kind, puts arbitrary bounds to the functions of the theatre and stops the development of its most vital asset, good all-round actors. Specialization, more than anything else, perhaps, has helped to bring the stage to its present parlous state. And he is inclined to lay too much stress upon the value of decorative and mechanical devices, never of primary importance upon the literary or even the realistic stage, where interpretative speech, gesture, action, and expression are the indispensable essentials. Mr. Dickinson has written about insurgency entertainingly and helpfully, but he has set down one sentence that is more pregnant than he himself possibly is aware of—"The innovating theatre means almost certain disaster." To this might be added another—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

HOWARD C. LEVIS, of London, is known as the owner of a most remarkable collection of books in English relating to engraving. His tastes have led him into researches which resulted in several privately printed books on subjects connected with prints, notably the "Descriptive Bibliography of Books in English Relating to Engraving." To these he has just added another, "Notes on the Early British engraved royal portraits issued in various series from 1521 to the end of the eighteenth century," 100 copies printed for the author at the Chiswick Press, London. "The whole subject," we are told in the Introductory Note, "is most interesting. To look at a portrait of Queen Elizabeth and think that she undoubtedly saw an impression from that plate . . . is, to say the least, a romantic entertainment. The study of the prints leads to the study of their subjects, the history of the times, the arts of engraving and printing. . . . The difficulty is to keep to the selected path." The present volume of 232 pages is devoted to portraits issued in series, leaving portraits in frontispieces and title-pages, groups, and single portraits, we are told, "for future consideration," which statement appears to imply promise of possibly another of this author's useful books.

PAINSTAKING collation brings out various interesting facts and determines the existence of different states and editions. Not a few of the 109 plates illustrate "types" of portraiture of certain individual kings—as we have the "Peale" type of Washington, the "Chandos" type of Shakespeare portraits—and such an amusing array as the various conceptions of William the Conqueror. (Here, of course,

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we are skirting the big and vexing field of authenticity.) The author's remarkable collection of books, containing not a few specimens not to be found in the great public collections, has furnished material for most of the prints reproduced in the 109 plates of the present book. The list of plates ends with this characteristic statement: "Since the plates and blocks were made I have fortunately acquired many specimens of those reproduced herein from other sources." Our author has, unusually developed, the *flair* of the collector.

THE great problem to be solved at the close of the present war, the reconstruction of the Balkan States and Hungary, is treated with great significance by Sir Thomas Holdich in the *Geographical Journal* for January. The importance of geographical knowledge in the solution is shown most clearly, for the aim will be to give to each people space and opportunity for internal development. With this end in view, the author treats of each country separately, showing the physical characteristics of the land with the present difficulty, in most cases, of access to the outside commercial world. These difficulties can be peacefully overcome in his opinion in ways which are clearly shown. Lord Bryce adds an illuminating comment on the subject, which closes with the suggestion that the capital of the new Turkish Sultanate be Konia in central Asia Minor.

OF those Americans who died in France early in the war, two striking contrasts are Norman Prince and Harry Butters. Both admirably American, both drawn to the war by sympathy for the countries where they had spent happy school days, they stand out as two widely different types: Norman Prince, self-contained, perfectly schooled, inarticulate, as became one of his distinguished heritage of old New England; Harry Butters, exuberant, demonstrative, adventurous, breezily Californian. Butters gave himself to his beloved England and died, an officer in the British army, fighting on the Somme. Six weeks later came the death of Norman Prince, lieutenant in aviation with the army of France, which to him since childhood had been his "second country." The two tributes which have appeared, "Norman Prince," by George F. Babbitt (Houghton Mifflin; $2), and "Harry Butters, R. F. A.," by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan (John Lane Co.; $1.50), are characteristic. The Butters letters are boyishly affectionate and voluminous, the Prince memorial is dignified and almost meagre. Both boys had records of which their country may be proud, but Norman Prince will be remembered especially as the one whose vision inspired the famous Lafayette Flying Squadron. Harry Butters, writing from the trenches, urges his friends to avoid war books. "They are the wrong medicine right now." Good advice this for the most part, yet some of them will not be denied. Of this number is Lieutenant Giraudoux's "Campaigns" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). He writes as with a Japanese brush, each stroke inevitable, seven strokes and the picture is complete. A novelist of experience, Lieutenant Giraudoux sees things vividly and characterizes people tersely and gives us to share his swift insight. He is fortunate in having Elizabeth S. Sargeant as translator. The book is like a Claude Lorraine mirror where in small compass on a sombre background Alsace, the Dardanelles, and the Marne are intensely reflected.

A SECOND edition of Garrison's History of Medicine (W. B. Saunders; $6.50) contains a considerable amount of new material dealing with ancient and mediæval medicine, epidemiology, the history of pharmacy, the history of disease and diagnosis, and the artist-anatomists of the Quattrocento. The author follows consistently his plan of presenting his subject so as to stimulate the physician and student to do his own thinking and research, but offers aid to this end by introducing numerous foot-notes and bibliographical appendices. Nowhere else will the student of the history of medicine find so satisfactory a survey of the modern period, that in which the science of medicine has made its great advance. It is this period which illustrates the truth of the words of the great English physiologist, Sir Michael Foster, that "it is one of the lessons of the history of science that each age steps on the shoulders of the ages which have gone before."

The Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy

TO come to the annual exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy with eyes long accustomed to art exhibitions in London is to be conscious at once of a higher level, a more accomplished average. The show is better hung than almost any in London, except the International in its early days. The collection has a more workmanlike standard, is mostly free of the mawkish sentimentality, the smug, self-satisfied mediocrity of English art. The standard set is evidently higher, the training to secure it more scholarly. Painters seem more concerned with painting a picture than telling a story, with composition, harmony, character, than prettiness. And, working upon sounder principles, they apparently have not been rushed, with one of the younger English groups, to an extreme no better in its affectation than the feebleness from which it was meant to be the means of escape. Altogether there is promise of interest at a first glance, not the feeling of depression long familiar in the London galleries.

To be honest, the second glance, from the collection as a whole to individual pictures in it, does not quite fulfil the promise. The achievement in each is less than might be expected from the high general level; the masterpieces are not so many as the excellent training should produce. There are good paintings, but they are exceptions, not the rule. Some of the best are among the portraits, though these best do not include the two which the hanging committee have selected for special honors. Sargent's John D. Rockefeller hangs in one principal centre; his President Wilson, when it arrives, will fill another. It is possible to speak of them both even if the Wilson has not arrived, for there has been already the chance to see them both in New York. They are disappointments. Perhaps Sargent has been too long without painting portraits, perhaps he was not interested in the sitters. Certainly he has not suggested any interest in two of the most important and prominent men in the country. That each, in his way, holds the destinies of millions of his countrymen in his hands, that each is a man full of affairs, power, responsibility, is a fact that would never be gathered from Sargent's canvases. He shows them doing nothing, as listless as if to sit there were their sole occupation and duty, the faces expressionless, the clothes as characterless as if the same lay figure had sat for them. Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals could give the clue to a man's

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character by the expression of his face, of his pose, by the turn of his head, the look of his eye, the way his clothes are worn. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Rockefeller, as Sargent sees them, have no character to give a clue to, nor has he had the imagination to suggest by a background or accessories the manner of man he was painting. At the Royal Academy, Sargent's portraits always seem vigor itself in comparison to the anæmic works around them. That they should seem anæmic at the Pennsylvania Academy is a tribute to the quality of the show. Nothing could be in stranger contrast to them than the three portraits of McLure Hamilton, Charles M. Burns, and Joseph Pennell by Wayman Adams, a painter whose work I now see for the first time. The men in his portraits are alive, they fairly bristle with character. Indeed, if a criticism must be made, it is that Adams is too engrossed in character to bother about anything else. He appears to be indifferent to atmosphere, troubles little about the subtleties of color, has no particular use for a background. But it is his interest, not his art, that is limited. When he does suggest a background, as in the portrait of Pennell, he does it admirably, the tower of the City Hall and the surrounding tall buildings grouping and losing themselves in the Philadelphia smoke and mist as he has seen them from the window of his high studio. There is here no lack of atmosphere. But he seems to detach his sitter entirely from the background, the figure is like a black silhouette set against it, tower and skyscrapers and smoke forgotten in his intent search after the character in the pose, the long legs and long arms of the artist extended as he sits on his sketching-stool, holding his sketch block, in the hang of the coat, the bulging of the pocket full of papers, and still more in the character of the face, the serious face of a man at work, the eyes concentrated on their subject under the soft gray felt hat drawn down to shade them—the hat alone an amazing study. In the McLure Hamilton there is no background at all. He stands, with long black overcoat drawn close round him, his gloved hands folded, one holding a silk hat, his head finely modelled, face full of vivacity, eyes looking out with frank amusement as if at the joke of finding himself for once the model and not the painter—a portrait, cynical, gay, vivid. But the most astonishing study of character is the third, the portrait of Professor Charles M. Burns, Philadelphia's most distinguished architect, though Philadelphia, in Philadelphia fashion, may be chary to admit it. The portrait, a half-length, is smaller than the other two, and is badly placed on the walls, but there is nothing better in the Academy. It is marvellous in the rendering of the strong, old face, of the lines marked by age and experience, of the keen, humorous eyes under the bushy eyebrows, of the droop of the white moustache. And how the clothes are a part of the man, how they help to explain him!—the round brown felt hat, the scarf, the overcoat open and thrown back, the very gloves! No model could have sat for these, no model could have worn them, could have been as unmistakably at home in them as the man to whom they belong. Adams has not attempted more than a study, but from a painter who can make a study of such breadth and such vitality one has a right to expect even greater things.

McLure Hamilton appears not only as a sitter for Adams, but as the interesting portrait painter he is himself. His Judge Brégy is quiet and dignified, but not an example of the sort of portraiture in which Hamilton excels. It cannot compete with his Gladstone and Richard Vaux, painted in their own libraries, amidst their own books, pictures that belong to the Academy's permanent collection. Other portraits are William M. Paxton's The One in Yellow, an amusing design, the lines and color repeated in the uncommonly well-painted reflections in the mirror; Adolphe Borie's Shade Hat, with charm if slight and if the hat throws but little shade on the girl's delicate face; Irving Wiles's Gerville Reache as Carmen, reminiscent, but not to its advantage, of Sargent's Carmencita; Robert Henri's Spanish Girl: Segovia, that makes one wonder how he came to have so brilliant and original a student as Wayman Adams; Joseph De Camp's perfunctory George Chadwick. Then there is Albert Rosenthal's The Green Fan, weak but not wanting in a suggestion of grace and delicacy that may be a surprise to no one more than to the painter himself. And the Carl H. Beck gold medal for the best portrait has gone to Leopold Seyfert's Fritz Kreisler, it is hard to say why, for it brutally defies the essential law of portrait painting—that the figure should keep well within the frame. And the Temple prize has gone to Dewitt M. Lockman's The Blue and Gold Kimono, which is a study in still life rather than a portrait. More successful than many of the portraits in which the figure is the main interest are the compositions in which it is treated as part of a decorative scheme, as in Richard Miller's two brilliant arrangements of sunlight and women and draperies and flowers, or more delightfully in Frieseke's Peace. Frieseke's canvas may seem a trifle large for a subject which the old Dutch painters would have painted on a canvas the fifth of its size: a woman in quiet blue and white draperies seated, tranquilly sewing, by the side of a cradle in a spacious room full of cool light. But the modern painter has known how to balance his composition on a large scale as well as the Dutchmen balanced theirs on a small, and no Dutchman ever painted detail more delicately than the dainty pattern on the white cradle and the design of the dotted white curtains, or texture more expressively than the woman's muslin draperies, the flowers on the table at her back, and the wicker work-basket at her feet. It is well to have this reminder of the value of repose in art when not far off Hugh H. Breckenridge, in his huge Pestilence, shrieks at you with a violence that the most violent motive cannot justify. It is true his subject calls for a different treatment. But discordant slabs of crude color and a chaos of distorted bodies, if symbols of pestilence, do not go to the making of a picture. The master can express horror or terror without sacrificing to it rhythm of line and harmony of color, or, if he cannot, he leaves it alone. Breckenridge succeeds in expressing nothing but a confusion of paint.

The level maintained by the landscapes is so even that it is difficult to single out special examples. But here and there is an impression of more than average interest by the painter who best remembers that untruth to Nature sometimes renders her truths most eloquently—Walter Griffin, who emphasizes, and so poetizes, the glitter and play of Morning Sunlight over green pastures; Alden Weir, who intensifies the quality of the pale light of Early Autumn. And there is the effort towards this truthful exaggeration in the studies of snow by Ochtman, Gardner Symons, Palmer, and several others, in Garber's search for picturesque arrangement, in Horatio Walker's excursion into pastoral sentiment where he forgets that Millet, treating similar subjects, made his laborers live in their clothes and move at their work. It would be cruel to compare Walker's Man

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Sawing Wood with Millet's Wood-Sawyers. Truth has gone astray, is lost altogether, though it is not missed, in Arthur B. Davies's four fantasies. He gives them titles, but these are hardly a clue. It does not matter, however. Against a rich background of trees, over tender turf, under a tranquil sky, figures come and go or pose statuesquely for no other end than that beauty may spring from them. Some are nude, some are draped for the simple reason that the same theme has always inspired the artist, from Titian in his Sacred and Profane Love to Manet in the Breakfast on the Grass of painters and their models from Paris studios. I have seen better examples of Davies, paintings in which grace of form, poetry of line, harmony of spacing are a more satisfactory explanation of the vague wanderings of his vague figures. He seems, too, a little absorbed in the memory of Botticelli, even to the point of subordinating himself to it. But his work is always the work of the artist, it exhales the charm that may be a crime to the young generation of to-day, but that will long survive the new independence expressed by complete subjection to the latest genius of the schools. It is curious to turn from Davies to the group of small canvases by Childe Hassam hanging in the same room. Hassam shows that in the matter-of-fact streets of our modern American towns there is a loveliness as rare as in Davies's unknown lands of Poetic Memories and Hours of Beauty. His flags of 1916 and 1917 bloom through the grayness of Fifth Avenue with the radiance and softness and splendor of flowers in a garden in the springtime, and the little paintings are notes as well of carefully, studiously observed effects of light and atmosphere. There is far more of New York in them, slight as they may seem, than in the painfully elaborated, airless, lightless Houston Street by George Luks, which the prize-giving jury has declared the best picture in the exhibition by bestowing upon it the Temple gold medal. Other painters, emancipating themselves from the old article of faith that there is no picturesqueness save in the past, have learned to seek it not only in the modern streets, but in the most modern developments of modern America. Artistic interest in our industrial life grows, and this exhibition, like almost all of the moment, has its Steel Mills and its Freight Yards, the most notable Gifford Beale's New York Freight Yards, all movement and color and smoke. There is genuine beauty in Morris Hall Pancoast's Pennsy Train Shed, with its depths of purple shadow under the great arched shed and its band of smoke-softened red on the bridge, repeated in one or two of the figures in the street below. It is a healthy sign for art when the artist begins to see the beauty that lies at his own door.

Space for sculpture at the Academy is small, but what sculpture there is presents as fair an average as the painting. Nothing is better than Charles Grafly's Paul Wayland Bartlett, the head of an artist, with its fine nervous brow, already lined, and its sensitive mouth. The humor of Albert Laessle's Penguins keeps one from seeing at first the subtle modelling in their ungainly, awkward forms. It is an achievement. Laessle makes his birds actually live as they so seldom do except in the sculpture of the great.

Since I wrote the above, the pictures from Boston, long delayed on the way, have come and Sargent's President Wilson has been hung. But the portrait only seems feebler every time one looks at it, and the new pictures add little to an exhibition that yields less interest with every visit.

N. N.

Drama

Marriage and the Playwrights

IN a season of many productions and little distinction, the play of ideas has fared even worse than usual. Although more than one hundred and ten productions have passed over the New York stage since last August, only a handful have developed an underlying thought with the understanding of life and the technical skill that could appeal to an adult intelligence. But trivial and banal as our plays have been, one theme has recurred so persistently in serious drama, comedy, and the shallowest farces that it may be called the *Leitmotiv* of the season. The marriage-problem play is without question the distinctive "tag" for the year 1917-18.

The American playwright has at last waked up to the fact that there is such a thing as Feminism in the air. With his unerring instinct for the superficial but theatrically effective aspects of the movement, he has set up the new ideas on marriage as a profitable target for his merry quips. Without troubling to search into the problem in life, he has tiptoed, with unreluctant feet, into the shallow waters of the feministic Pactolus, looking for the gold in its bed, rather than for the truth. A little reading of Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage"; a bit of Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" and "Misalliance," with the Prefaces; a fashionable country house for a background; a heroine with the gift of the gab and good clothes in the foreground—and the trick is turned!

Shaw last year started the stream with "Getting Married," and followed it this year with "Misalliance," in which marriage comes in for its incidental share of the author's brilliant mockery. Then followed the deluge of America playwrights, all trying desperately to be "modern." William Hurlbut's "Saturday to Monday," a farce with the idea of matrimony for week-ends only; "Daybreak," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, a mechanical society melodrama, in which the mother's sole right to her child is upheld, to the extent of concealing its existence from a drunken and degraded father; "The Family Exit," an insignificant satire on the shifting estimates of love and marriage; "Losing Eloise," another farce, with the trial elopement of a wife as its basic idea; "Six Months' Option," with its provisional contract for a sentimental partnership—all these were merely straws to show what way the theatrical wind blew. They made no pretence of holding up the mirror to life. But Mr. Williams's clever comedy "Why Marry?" is an attempt to do something better. Here the refusal to accept conventional standards of marriage is the crux of the play, but in the end the author tricks his heroine into marriage by having a judge, who is conveniently by, casually declare her a duly certificated wife! This evasive conclusion, of course, makes the play valueless as a contribution to life.

In "A Madonna of the Future" Mr. Alan Dale's abandonment of his heroine is even more flagrant. For three acts she insists upon her right to motherhood without becoming a wife, and proclaims her intentions to all the socially elect that will listen to her shallow prattle. She sweeps her handsome secretary along with her to Europe, returns in a year alone with a son, and then, on the secretary's return, for fear of losing him to her paid companion, she again sweeps him along with her—to the altar. Once more the author has betrayed his heroine and his audience; by using the old

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motive of jealousy, he makes a pitiful travesty of the new idea of the right to motherhood. But this heroine is so largely a creature of words, of pose, of spiritual insincerity that she can hardly be taken seriously. Miss Emily Stevens, too, who acts the part with her usual nervous intelligence and febrile vitality, completely fails to suggest the maternal woman to whom a child is the strongest need of nature.

The Washington Square Players, whose stock in trade is innovation, naturally have not failed to attack the marriage problem. "The Family Exit" was their early, unhappy venture; and now "Youth," by Miles Malleson, is presenting the problem from a new angle, that of the young man. The author is sincere and courageous in showing his hero drawn hither and thither by conflicting desires, too self-respecting to debase himself, too uncertain of his own faithfulness to venture to marry. But the author has not mastered his idea, and he leaves his audience baffled.

In striking contrast to the glittering nothingness of our native contributions are the sober truth and satisfying reality of Hjalmar Bergstrom's "Karen," now being presented at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Here is a foreign play that follows in the footsteps of Ibsen, as a searching and sincere study of free love, marriage, and the relation of the sexes in general. "Karen" recalls the moral conflict of Sudermann's "Magda." Again a new daughter goes forth into the world, and when life calls her to love and economic difficulties forbid marriage, she adopts the freer code of the artistic and professional circles of Paris. The author does not shirk the problem. Karen does not merely talk, she lives what she believes right; and when on her return, after several years, to the quiet home of her father, the Nemesis of conventional morality overtakes her, she faces the issue without flinching. Her old adventure in free love prevents a new marriage with a man who had boasted himself superior to prejudice; and the result is not a patched-up happy ending with the conventions saved, but the tragic truth. Old Professor Borneman is a broken man, and Karen goes forth into the world once more, free, to be sure, and independent, but lonely and disenchanted. There is little laughter here, but much thought. The Danish schoolmaster who fought the censorship against his play's production without yielding an inch, tells the truth as he sees it, without magnifying the good of the new against the evils of the old order. This searching sincerity, this grim facing of life's realities, is something much needed on our stage, and Mr. Frank Conroy, the director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, deserves praise for his courage and initiative in producing this play well.

The honest treatment accorded the subject of sex and marriage by the best of European playwrights emphasizes the paucity of our own contribution to the question. The truth is that American playwrights are trying to turn into farce or comedy what is essentially tragedy. They trifle with one of the most serious subjects in the world; and because they have not mastered their material they present not an idea in dramatic form, but amusing situations and mechanical characters going through their paces. They evade the economic and social difficulties of the marriage problem in modern times; they let their heroines, creatures without real greatness of spirit, play with fire only to make a jest of the light; they look on the new ideal of women and love merely as a subject for superficial dialogue. They seize on this sort of half-baked, pseudo-Feminism as a modern subject, but they themselves cling to old thoughts, outworn conventions, and hoary theatrical traditions. M. C. D.

Amusements

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Finance

Germany and the Invasion of Russia

WHAT are Germany and her allies going to get out of the present extraordinary German invasion of Russia, the peace with the Ukraine, and the surrender of the Bolsheviki after their pathetically futile call of the laboring men to arms? The German Chancellor answers that Germany is moving "in the name of humanity." The Austrian Premier declares that the only purpose is "to provide our heroic population with the foodstuffs which, by reason of its long privations, it deserves." The question is, then, will the Teutonic invaders get the Russian foodstuffs, and, more particularly, how much is there for them to get?

Of the magnitude of Russia's tangible resources in food and other produce, during time of peace, there was never any question. The statisticians estimated in 1913 that there were 256,000,000 acres under cultivation for cereal crops, of which 197,000,000 were in European Russia. Her wheat crop of that year, 836,000,000 bushels, was the largest ever harvested in any country up to that time.

It was sixty million bushels greater than the same year's crop in the United States, although that was for us a "record-breaker," and it has never been surpassed except by our own harvests of 1914 and 1915. In that last year of European peace, it was calculated that there were 34,000,000 horses and 139,000,000 other cattle in Russia, whereas even the United States, with all its huge areas of scientific cattle-raising, reported only 189,000,000 of both in the same year. To Germany herself, in 1913, Russia exported $226,000,000 of merchandise, largely food.

What has happened to these enormous reserves of produce during the war? Has the Russian farmer gone on raising his crops and animals; and, if so, does there exist somewhere in Russia a prodigiously great accumulation of such products, on which the German army and the German Government will presently lay their hands? The question is one of the most peculiar in the history of agriculture.

The war did not necessarily mean suspension of farming operations in Russia, any more than it did in France or Germany. Probably Russia called up more of her citizens for military service than any other country; but then her population before the war was 171,000,000, as against Germany's 64,000,000 and the 40,000,000 of France. The problem is of a different sort from war-time capacity for production. In peace times, Russia was accustomed to send abroad fully 40 per cent. of her enormous wheat crops; but the German blockade of the Baltic and the closing of the Dardanelles

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UPTON SINCLAIR'S

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For a Clean Peace and the Internation

For twenty years I have been predicting this war, and since the first month I have been predicting social revolt as its outcome.

You see the storm now on the horizon. If you wish to guide it, to save America from a Russian collapse, you must hear those who have given their lives to a study of social protest and social reconstruction.

Because I have something to say about these matters, I have begun the publication of a magazine. I don't ask you to subscribe, but I do ask you to send a post-card at once for a free sample copy.

UPTON SINCLAIR,
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California.

put an end to that as soon as the war began. What has happened since then? No one has any authentic information.

The grain trade's usually accepted figures report that 708,000,000 bushels of wheat were harvested in European Russia during 1914, and that 834,000,000 were produced in 1915, 767,000,000 in 1916, and 650,000,000 even last year. But these figures are utterly incredible, when one considers that since the summer of 1914 the Russian farmer, with the export market closed to him, has been able in any event to sell no more than the 60 per cent. of his crop which used to be consumed in Russia. Nor is that all. During at least the two past years, reports from the Russian cities have told of extreme scarcity of food supplies; therefore, even home consumption could not have been what it used to be.

This condition of famine was undoubtedly due in large measure to the breakdown of the railways; it is also true that there have been reports current of grain-growers refusing to sell in the depreciated Russian currency, unless the Government doubled the maximum price which it had fixed. But if the farmer simply kept his grain in his own possession, what then? No such four years' accumulation as would theoretically be suggested could begin to be cared for, even in the grain-elevator system of the United States; and Russia is worse provided with storage facilities than any other great country in the world.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that no large crops have been raised in Russia since the war began; that the estimates commonly given out are altogether extravagant; that the farmer—at any rate since 1915—has planted and harvested only as much as he was sure of selling in Russia, and that even of this a great part must have rotted on the ground for lack of transportation. To suppose that, in the face of all these discouragements—disappearance of export market, difficulty of getting labor, depreciation of the currency, and inability to be sure either of storage or transportation—the Russian farmer has been regularly raising larger crops than the average of the decade before the war, is to reject the teaching of all past experience.

How much, then, will the German food problem be immediately helped by the subduing and virtual occupation of Russia? It is doubtful if the German Government itself knows. The case is not even what it would have been if the Germans had entered the Ukraine and north Russia in the autumn, just after harvest. Russia is now almost in the season of normally minimum grain reserves. As to how large the reserves were, even in July or October (the harvest dates of southern and northern Russia), that will remain for a good while a matter of conjecture. Even imagining the grain to be there, the railways are not in condition to remove it. Meantime (though this consideration may not appeal to a German commander), Russia itself is also in a state of famine.

ALEXANDER D. NOYES

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Burke, T. Twinkletoes. McBride. $1.35 net.
Foote, J. T. The Lucky Seven. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Hewlett, M. Gudrid the Fair. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Luther, M. L. The Hope Chest. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
McCall, S. Sunshine Beggars. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Turner, G. K. The Biography of a Million Dollars. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Von Hutten, B. The Bag of Saffron. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Watson, E. L. Where Bonds Are Loosed. Knopf. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anonymous. Conscript 2989. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Dixon, A. N. The Canteeners. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Dodd, I. S. One Young Soldier. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Hamby, W. H. The Way of Success. Laird & Lee. $1 net.
Houghteling, J. L., Jr. Diary of the Russian Revolution. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Kelsey, R. W. Friends and the Indians. Associated Executive Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs, Philadelphia.
Mathiez, A. Etudes Robespierristes. Librairie Armand Colin.
Meynell, A. Hearts of Controversy. Scribner.
Musgrave, G. C. Under Four Flags for France. Appleton. $2 net.
Pierce, R. Trapped in "Black Russia." Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Rodrigues, G. Le Peuple de L'Action. Librairie Armand Colin. 50 cents.
Thompson, C. B. The Theory and Practice of Scientific Management. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Wilson, W. In Our First Year of War. Harper. $1 net.
Wonderful Stories. Winning the V.C. in the Great War. Dutton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Higgins, F. C. The Life of Naomi Norsworthy. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Markham, Sir A. F. The Life of Sir Clements Markham. Dutton. $6 net.
Rudy, J. M. Our Nation's Peril. Chicago: L. W. Walter Co. $1.25 net.
Scott, J. B. Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany. Oxford University Press. $5.
Stefansson, J. Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland. Preface by Viscount Bryce. Putnam.
Young, F. B. Marching on Tanga with Gen. Smuts in East Africa. Dutton. $1.50 net.

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POETRY

Baxter, S. The Unseen House. Four Seas Co.
Binns, H. B. November. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
Dresbach, G. W. In the Paths of the Wind. Boston: Four Seas.
Gibson, W. W. Hill-Tracks. Macmillan. $1.75.
Giltinan, C. The Divine Image. Cornhill Co. $1.25.
Gould, W. Children of the Sun. Cornhill Co. $1.25.
Johnson, J. W. Fifty Years and Other Poems. Cornhill Co. $1.25.
Kilmer, J. Dreams and Images: An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Boni & Liveright.
McClure, J. Airs and Ballads. Knopf. $1 net.
Paton, W. R. Greek Anthology. Vol. III. Putnam.
Rittenhouse, J. B. The Door of Dreams. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
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Summary of the News

PEACE between Germany and Russia was signed on March 3, as a consequence of which the German military advance in Russia has ended. By this treaty Russia is forced to accede to the ultimatum of the Central Powers made on February 21, and in addition must cede to Turkey lands taken from her in the wars of 1828-9, 1854-5, 1877-8, and in the present war. The terms in detail include the following provisions:

(1.) The surrender of Courland, Poland, and Lithuania, except part of the Province of Grodno, and Russia's renunciation of every claim to intervention in the internal affairs of these regions.

(2.) The evacuation of Livonia and Esthonia, these provinces to be policed by Germany until "the constitution of the respective countries shall guarantee their social security and political order."

(3.) Russia to conclude peace with the Ukraine.

(4.) Russian troops and Red Guards to evacuate the Ukraine and Finland.

(5.) Immediate and complete demobilization of the Russian army.

(6.) Russian warships to be disarmed or kept in Russian harbors until the conclusion of peace; warships of the Entente in Russian waters to be treated likewise.

(7.) Merchant navigation of the Black and Baltic Seas to be renewed, mines to be cleared away promptly, the blockade of the Arctic Ocean to remain in force until a general peace.

(8.) Free export of ores without tariff from Russia and other wide commercial concessions.

(9.) Russia to promise not to attempt Bolshevik propaganda in Teuton territory.

An indemnity variously reported at $1,500,000,000 and $4,000,000,000 was added.

THE new territorial cessions to Turkey now granted by Russia in the Trans-Caucasian region include Batum, one of the best harbors on the Black Sea and a port of outlet for petroleum; Kars, a frontier province, east of Batum; and Karabagh, north of Persia. The area of these territories is about 18,000 to 20,000 square miles, the population less than 1,000,000.

BEFORE Russia signed the peace treaty of March 3 the German advance had proceeded far into the interior, both in the north and in the south, without active resistance by the Russian armies, and with the resulting loss by Russia of 6,800 officers, 57,000 men, 2,400 guns, 5,000 machine guns, and thousands of motor vehicles, locomotives, and railroad trucks. In the Ukraine, Kiev was captured by Ukrainian, German, and Austro-Hungarian forces. In general, the advance was along the railroads and roads, "in order to establish order and to protect the commercial routes for transportation of food" to the Central Powers.

JAPAN'S more active participation in the war, as a result of the German advance into Russia and the Russo-German peace, by intervention in Siberia, has such far-reaching possibilities that Great Britain has intimated, with the knowledge of the United States and France, that the most satisfactory results would be attained "if Japan should furnish assurances of her intention to evacuate Russian territory when the emergency has passed." At

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Tokio on January 24 Viscount Motono, the Japanese Foreign Minister, stated that if peace were actually concluded between Russia and Germany, Japan would take the most decided steps to meet the occasion. The grounds for intervening are based on the need of preventing the Japanese and American munitions piled up at Vladivostok from falling into German hands, and of retaining control of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

IN accepting President Wilson's four fundamental principles of peace announced in his address to Congress on February 11, the German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, in a speech before the German Reichstag on February 25, made the reservation that these principles must be recognized by all the states and peoples involved. He declared that he would gladly coöperate in realizing these ideals, that there was no intention of retaining Belgium, but that Germany must be safeguarded from future enemy combinations there. He also declared that there was no Alsace-Lorraine question in the international sense. While stating that England's imperialistic war aims alone stood in the way of an understanding, he suggested that peace could be brought nearer by a conclave, for discussion, of representatives of the belligerent Powers. In the House of Commons Mr. Arthur Balfour, in reply to this speech, defended the system of the balance of power maintained on the Continent in the past with England's aid, and asserted that he saw no hope of peace at present from negotiations.

THE food situation was marked by several notable developments during the past week. In England compulsory rationing by the card system was established on February 25, the weekly allowance of meat being one and one-fourth pounds per capita, of butter or margarine four ounces. In the United States, Secretary McAdoo and Food Controller Hoover have come to an agreement about the preferential treatment to be accorded certain foods in transportation. Mr. Hoover has announced a temporary suspension of the porkless Saturdays, making Tuesday the only beefless and porkless day, and has asked the public to conserve breadstuffs as much as possible during the next sixty days. The latest restrictions are as follows: Two wheatless days (Monday and Wednesday) in every week and one wheatless meal every day; one beefless day (Tuesday); one porkless day (Tuesday). These changes are made in order to secure an adjustment between the different food supplies and new conditions. President Wilson has fixed the price of the 1918 wheat crop at $2.20 a bushel, by which measure speculation for higher prices may be prevented and wheat badly needed for the Allies not be held back by profiteers.

IRELAND, too, is becoming concerned about her food supply, and the recent disorders in the west and south seem to centre around the national grievance against exporting to England the food which the Irish themselves need. It is admitted that food exportations are going on in spite of the Food Controller's orders, and popular uprisings have resulted. As a consequence, County Clare has been placed under martial law, and troops have been sent to aid the police in suppressing disorder. The Irish Convention, on which so many Allied hopes were centred, has had no beneficial influence on the situation thus far. In Switzerland, the bread question has become serious. Even if the present small wheat ration is further reduced, the reserve stock of wheat will be exhausted within six or seven weeks.

SUBMARINES or mines in the last week sank eighteen British merchantmen, of which fourteen were over 1,600 tons and four under. Seven fishing vessels were sunk. These losses were an increase of three over the previous week. The French report one vessel sunk, and that under 1,600 tons. No Italian ships were sunk. In addition to submarine losses, another German adventurer of the sea, the Wolf, has returned safely to port, reporting that in its fifteen months' career in the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans it sank thirty-five Allied vessels of more than 210,000 tons, and acquired large quantities of rubber, copper, and brass.

THE war on the western front was marked by trench raids during the last few days exceeding any previous activity in the year. On the French front attacks have been frequent in the region of Verdun, northwest and southeast of Rheims, in Champagne, and Lorraine. Artillery battles from the Chemin-des-Dames to the Meuse were of marked intensity, accompanied by infantry actions; but except for the capture of a number of prisoners on both sides, no material gains were made. On the British front the Germans were successful in reaching the British lines in raids near Hollebeke and south of San Quentin, but were later repulsed. Southeast of Cambrai and in the Messines sector artillery attacks were frequent, and in the Ypres and Passchendaele sectors artillery was actively employed in connection with infantry raids. On the Italian front active artillery engagements are reported on the Brenta; on the Asiago plateau Italian patrols captured enemy arms and munitions, and bombing from the air continues lively on both sides, with Venice and Treviso the especial objects of Austrian air attacks.

IN the American sector attacks were made repeatedly northwest of Toul, in French Lorraine, with gas poisoning resulting in the death of several of our men. Our troops repelled a strong attack on the Aisne in the Chemin-des-Dames sector, and have generally been subject to extraordinary artillery activity since February 27. Four of Gen. Pershing's men found asleep on sentinel duty in front-line trenches were sentenced to death, but these cases have been referred to Secretary of War Baker.

LABOR news for the week includes a report that Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has again refused to meet with any future international conference during the war at which German and Austrian Socialist delegates are present. On February 25 a conference began at Washington between representatives of labor and capital to bring about an agreement by which strikes during the war may be prevented or reduced in number. This conference was called by the Government and is presided over by Secretary of Labor Wilson. In San Francisco the California Supreme Court, acting "on questions of law alone," has affirmed the sentence of death of Thomas J. Mooney, for murders on Preparedness Day, July 22, 1916. It will be recalled that the Mooney case, cited in Russia as an example of injustice to labor, was effective in turning Russia from the United States during the Revolution.

Peace Terms or War Terms?

1. What is Germany's theory of the State?
2. How does it command the loyalty of her subjects?
3. Where do they tend to break away from that loyalty?
4. What are the natural conflicts between the instincts of human beings and the State theory which Germany embodies?
5. How has Germany developed this theory?
6. What means has she taken to eliminate those conflicts?
7. What part has Europe played in helping or frustrating her?
8. What part do the problems of nationality play in her development?
9. What part will they play in the future politics of Europe?
10. How would you solve these problems?
11. What is our theory of the State?
12. How far do the facts of our political and industrial life coincide with that theory?
13. Shall we achieve unity through flexibility or through rigidity?
14. Are we to have national peace as well as international after the war?
15. On what terms?

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